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A VISION OF PARADISE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh, Angel under the Sephiotha—
Hard by the antique mystery-door,
Where the palms of a bright eternal youth
Are blooming evermore!

Oh, Seraph! that talked with me in sleep,
In the sphered temple of spiritual dreams,—
Last night in my native paradise,
By clear immortal streams,

I dimpled the sheen of the fadeless green
And the deathless smile of a May of flowers,
With the rosy snow of my virginal feet,
In rare perennial bowers!

The bloom was afush with the tremor of wings,
And the Bird of Paradise drifted by,
Afloat on the waves of her own wild song,
Past the starry isles of the sky!

Oh, Angel, that guards the mystical Tree,
With the flaming sword of the spirit of God!
The rarest dream of an alchemist's youth,
Subliming his human blood,

Was never so rare as the vision fair,
That folded me in with a bliss divine,
Out of the golden beakers of peace,
Flooding my soul like wine!

Three glorious walls, in an arabesque,
Engrailed, and wrought to a high device,
Swept grandly back from a garden's glow,
Towered, and gated thrice;

And through the mists of a rich perfume,
Like a morn with a May-wind overblown,
Shone a glimmer of altar golden-railed,
And hints of a great white throne;

'Round which the sea of the Love of God
Shone clear, through the death-glance of the Lamb,
Awfully isling the Universe
With the white fruition of calm!

And twenty-and-four of the glorified,
With the rhythm of harp, and the flash of crown,
Shook the mist like a wind, and worshiping cast
Their palms of victory down.

I stood afar, like a steady star,
Half-veiled in the splendor of sunset-light,
And heard the song of the "*River of Life*,"
And the twenty-and-four in white—

I heard the silver sickles a-ring
In the lilied fields of the Reaper—Death!
And heard the psalms of victory rise
From the armaments of faith!

And I saw with the deep eternal eyes
Of the *inner beautiful* undefiled,
The Angel of truth revealed, that led
My soul as a little child.

Then I said—oh, life! I said—oh, death!
Oh past! and present! and future grand!
Ye are but the mists of a summer-shower
By a beautiful rainbow spanned!

And *faith* is the rainbow bridge across
To the garden I stand in, singing aloud,
And *hope* is the Angel that holds my hand,
Leading me up to God!

Claremont Hall, near Baltimore.

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CHAPTER VIII.

GOING A WOOING.

The weeks had gone by, and it was the last of October; in America, the loveliest month in the year; when the fierce heats of summer, and the sultry, sweltering heats of the early autumn, even harder to bear, have gone by, and left only warmth enough to make it pleasant to walk in the sunshine, rather than in the shade. There is a haziness in the air which does not obstruct the view, but only softens the hues and outlines of distant objects. The winds murmur low and wailingly across the hills and through the forests, swaying the topmost branches of the trees, and bringing down the dried leaves pattering upon the ground. But not many of the leaves are dead as yet; wherever there is a clump of trees—in the country, remember—or a stretch of forest, they clothe them in a mass of blended colors, whose magnificence no pen can describe nor brush portray. But it is the beauty of decay and death, and it brings a feeling of sadness, not strong enough to be painful, but just enough to dispose one to dreamy reveries, calling up long gone memories, solemn and tender,—

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

It is such a feeling as wrought from the heart of our sweet poet, Willis Gaylord Clark, the beautiful lines to October—how that mournful closing stanza will linger in the memory:—

"Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side."

It is the time for long, delicious saunters along the country roads and lanes, over hills and along the winding track of streams, with such a companion as he was who used to be my partner in many a pleasant tramp and ride among the places of which my story tells.

Those times will never come again to me, for he is dead.

Some chapters back, I promised to speak more fully touching the reason why Abe Spicer did not like Roney Baldwin. The truth was, that Abe was desperately in love, and so was Roney; unfortunately, their love was directed toward the same object, and Abe knew it; still more unfortunately, he suspected, as I stated before, that the lady was in love also, only with the wrong person—to wit, Roney. I have my private reasons for knowing that Roney himself suspected the same thing. He was not at all in the dark concerning Abe's feelings upon the subject, but feeling tolerably secure of his position, the knowledge gave him very little trouble. Indeed, I may as well tell it, he had already come to an understanding with Annie Brennington, and they had been engaged, conditionally upon her father's consent, when it should be made known for some months. For several reasons, however, their engagement was for the present kept secret. Roney was not yet quite twenty-one, and Annie was but seventeen. Moreover, her father was a Royalist; and though personally he liked Roney very much, as indeed did all who knew him, he by no means liked what he considered his rebellious principles; so, as there was time enough yet to think of marriage, they came to the sensible conclusion that it would be best to wait for a few years, if necessary, rather than hazard a prohibition by any imprudent and hasty disclosures.

Annie was very beautiful, in the style of beauty which has always been my especial admiration. She was rather tall, at least according to the present standard, say about five feet four or five inches in height, having a well developed figure, though not approaching to what is called "plump." Her complexion was a rich brunette, usually devoid of "roseness," though a delicate flush would occasionally show itself through the warm brown of her cheeks. Her features were regular, but not in the classic sense of regular, for excepting the short upper lip, there was not a line of her profile which resembled the ideal of any Grecian sculptor. Her face was oval, with a full, rather high forehead, over which her black hair was parted simply and gracefully, and disposed with an instinctive and unconscious feeling of perfect adaptation to the style of her face. But Annie's eyes were her crowning beauty; they were dark, of course, but they had none of the sparkling brilliancy which is so apt to characterise the eyes of brunettes. They were soft, "velvet eyes," as somebody has called them, with a gentle, trusting, loving expression, which was fully borne out by her character. This very affectionateness of disposition made her sensitive, and rather apt, sometimes, to imagine neglect and indifference in those she loved, where there was no sound reason for it. It is a peculiarity of such natures, and, springing as it does from a strong yearning for loving words and actions, should be wisely and tenderly dealt with. It was these soft, brown eyes which had played the mischief with Abe. He had first met her at a quilting party about a year before, and with characteristic complacency, had at once decided upon marrying her, as soon as his employer should take him into partnership, which was to take place on the first of April following his introduction to the reader. It is one thing, however, to resolve, and quite another thing to accomplish. This, Abe was not very long in discovering. He could always get along very well with other girls, for he was a glib, fluent fellow enough, and could rattle off an indefinite quantity of nonsense and flattery; but somehow, with all Annie's kindness and gentleness of manner, she had a quiet dignity which awed him without repelling, and kept him fluttering about her in a most distressing state of uncertainty as to her feelings towards him. He was possessed, abstractly with the idea, that any woman who permitted any attentions from him, must necessarily be in love with him; and though he had been more than once undeceived, the feeling was so rooted in his nature, that the lesson was forgotten as soon as a new object was found for the exercise of his love-making propensities.—With Annie Brennington, however, he did not get on well. She was frank and cordial with him as with others; she allowed him to visit her, to escort her home sometimes from parties, even when Roney was present, the latter rather avoiding any appearance of attention, more than he bestowed upon other girls on such occasions, though he always went with her when it was possible to do so without attracting attention. She chatted pleasantly enough with Abe when they were together, but still he did not make progress; that was evident to himself; he was baffled, he could not tell exactly how; for it was just as evident that no effort to baffle him was made on the part of Annie; but there was a straightforward sincerity and candor in her manner that left no room to hope that any feeling towards him lay concealed or dormant. She was not coquetting with him, for from that wretched feminine vice she was entirely free; there was no place for it in a nature like hers. At the same time she could not help seeing, even without a woman's intuition to help her, something of the uneasy state of Abe's heart, and she would have set him at rest at once, if he had ever spoken plainly enough upon the subject to justify her, in modesty, in speaking openly to him about it.

Poor Abe! whenever he expected to meet her he would prepare himself with tender speeches and impassioned declarations, which sounded irresistible when rehearsed with intense pathos before his looking-glass, but, which, when the time came to deliver them in earnest, seemed so flat, and such a succession of lumps rose in his throat when he attempted to speak, that he never accomplished a remark of more exciting character than the safe assertion, that "moonlight nights was very nice for walking in company," or that he "had heered she'd caught cold, and hoped she was better," or some equally striking remark. Having failed so lamentably in oral declaration, Abe determined to write, and by way of a feeler he determined to make a kind of general declaration in poetry, which he might afterwards interpret as referring to himself, or to some prospective lover, according to its reception. He was now engaged, on a fine afternoon in the latter part of October, in preparing this important missive. It was the hardest job he had ever undertaken; he was not accustomed to writing down his thoughts at any time, and to write them in rhyme, and with the warmth and elegant elevation of language that the subject demanded, was a formidable undertaking. He had retired, in order to be free from interruption, to a field behind the barn, and seated himself in an angle of the fence with slate and pencil. Amid dire contortions of visage, thrustings of tongue out of the corner of his mouth, clenching of hands, and running them frantically through his hair till it broke loose from its fastening behind, and mopping away the sweat which started out in big drops over his face, the poem was accomplished.

It is impossible for me to give an idea of Abe's manuscript in print. I can only say that it was his best "store" hand that was inscribed upon the sheet which received the fair copy of the rough draft on the slate. The sheet was embellished at the top with a heart, accurately copied from a playing card belonging to a pack, of which Abe was the private and clandestine owner. The heart was transfixed by an arrow which seemed to have had a hard time in getting through, inasmuch as the point coming out at the back of the heart, deviated considerably from a straight line with the feather end. This was not caused, however, by any malicious sub-meaning, that the heart was hard enough or tough enough to break one of Cupid's arrows, but by an unlucky twitch of Abe's hand, owing to nervousness.

Abe carefully folded up the copy of verses, in a complicated and ingenious style, so as to give it a distant resemblance to a rose pressed flat, and laid [illegible] until Saturday ev[illegible] m[illegible] de[illegible] st[illegible] op[illegible] pl[illegible] oc[illegible] a c[illegible] re[illegible] for[illegible] ye[illegible] pu[illegible] pa[illegible] in[illegible] of[illegible] co[illegible] wa[illegible] hi[illegible] cu[illegible] elb[illegible] wadded like a coverlet, and additionally stiffened with wire, stood out on each side like imperfectly developed wings. The buckskin small clothes were in service, too, but concealed by a pair of rough overalls to preserve them from being soiled. Upon the whole, Abe considered his "getting up" successful, and was very well satisfied with his appearance, in spite of one or two cuts on his chin, the result of a slight attack of nervousness while shaving. Thus accoutred he trotted quietly along the road with the copy of verses safe in his pocket, and conning over mentally a speech which he had prepared to accompany the offering of his muse.

He had prepared many a speech before, and, as I have already said, always failed lamentably, when the time came for its delivery; but he was not going to fail this time, not he; things had come to a pretty pass, if a grown up man was to be dumbfounded at the sight of a young girl, in that way; and he had wrought himself up to the determination that he would speak "his speech" in such an eloquent way that Annie must inevitably surrender, unconditionally. He was arranging the matter somewhat in this wise, in part mentally, in part audibly; he would enter the door which she should open at his knock; he would start with graceful surprise at meeting her so suddenly, but recovering himself would doff his hat and greet her with a courtly obeisance, and enter at her invitation; after sitting awhile, her father would make some excuse for leaving the room, and he would be alone with her; then he would gradually and adroitly lead the conversation to themes of tenderness, and then he would tell a pathetic story of a noble-hearted man who loved deeply, but had never told his love because he did not dare to hope that it would be returned; he would tell how the secret grief was eating away his life, and how unocomplainingly he bore it, and how he had poured out his soul in some verses which should show at once how hopeless and how strong was his love; "and then," said Abe, soliloquising as he entered the edge of a thick wood which stood near the house of Annie's father, "and then, when I see them lovely eyes of hern, lookin', full of tears, into mine, I'll take out the poetry, and I'll say 'and this here's what he wrote, Annie;' and I'll read it to her, lookin' right into her eyes; and when I'm done, she'll say, 'Abel, you've been telling me about yourself all the time; why, oh, why didn't you tell me this before?' And then she'll drop her head on my shoulder, and I'll put my arm 'round her and—"

"Hello! who's that you're a courtin' so strong, Abe?" suddenly called a high, clear voice, as Abe passed a road which crossed the one he was on.

Abe stopped and looked around him wrathfully for the owner of the voice, and discovered him in the person of Jem Gilmer, who had come on horseback down the cross-road, and had approached entirely unperceived by Abe, who had, almost unconsciously, closed his eyes, to shut out everything but the vision with which his brain was so delectably busy.

"I guess somebody's a-goin' to be persecuted to-night," continued Jem: "you look as fine as a red-headed woodpecker; who is it, eh?"

"Will you be good enough to go on your own road, and mind your own business, Mr. Gilmer," said Abe, with dignity.

"When was it she was goin' to drop her head on your shoulder?" inquired Jem, with a great appearance of interest; "that would be prime. 'And I'll put my arm round her, and'"—producing a wees-a-ping sound with his lips which was very suggestive, "that was to come next, wa'n't it?" said he. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" and Jem threw himself flat back upon his horse's rump, and kicked up his feet into the air in a manner that would have at once unhorsed any ordinary rider; and laughed loud and long. When he was completely out of breath, he raised himself again, and found that he was alone, Abe having taken advantage of his paroxysm to ride on.

"By jing!" said Jem, laughing again, "what a joke! I guess I'll wait 'till he comes back. It won't be long. The little fool! does he expect to get ahead of Baldwin, there, I wonder? No, I won't wait either. I must push on to the Squire's; it won't do any good to plague the poor little jackanapes. If he don't take care how he rides about in that red coat though, he'll get himself shot some of these fine nights." So Jem, whose wound was entirely cured, with the exception of some tenderness about the shoulder when he attempted to use his left arm, put spurs to his horse and galloped down the road, whistling merrily, and every now and then breaking into a laugh as he thought of Abe's soliloquy.

The latter pursued his way, writhing at the remembrance of the ridiculous figure he must have cut in Jem's eyes—and above all, at having so unintentionally made a confidant of the last man on earth he would have chosen for such a purpose, and striving to recall the vision which Jem's unceremonious interruption had scattered into fragments. By the time he had got his thoughts in trim again, and had pretty well recovered his complacency, he reached the gate which opened upon the lane leading to the house. Here he stood for some minutes composing himself and bracing up his nerves for the trial; at last he screwed up his resolution, opened the gate, and rode slowly along the lane. As he neared the house, the sound of his horse's feet aroused a bull-dog which had been dozing on the porch floor; the brute which had been used to seeing only the plain homespun costumes of the neighborhood, took instant offence at once at the outlandish looking figure which had by this time ridden up to the palings in front of the house, and at once made at him, snarling and barking furiously, and attacking him with such vigor that Abe, who had not even a stick, was fain to draw his feet up almost to the saddle bow, to get them clear of the dog's jaws; a plan which put his neck in some danger, as the horse, which was somewhat confused and alarmed by the dog's eccentric movements, was prancing around, and occasionally lashing out his heels as they were brushed by the active assailant.

Abe stormed at the dog, he whistled to him, he coaxed him, he snapped his fingers at him, all to no purpose, for the dog only seemed to grow more frantic, and finally called, "Hello, house!" three or four times. No answer was made from the house, but at the moment a man came running up, and seeing the state of affairs, first bade the dog "go lay down," assisted him to obey by a most liberal application of kicks and curses.

"What's yer wull?" inquired the deliverer, with an accent unmistakably Irish; he was a stout fellow, nearly twice Abe's weight, with a broad, good-humored face covered with freckles, and surmounted by a mop of crisply curling, red hair, "what's yer wull, sir?"

"Are the folks at home?" inquired Abe, with a sinking heart, for the house looked ominously dark and silent.

"Sure and Miather Brunnin'ton's gone to Philadelphy, and won't be back for a week."

"Is Miss Ann at home, then?"

"Och, Miss Annie, is it, now? Sure, I thought ye weren't afther wantin' th' ould mon. Aw, now, ean't it a petty she should go away to-day, of all days in the year, jist whin a spruce young gintleman like yerself's a comin' to coort her?"

I cannot pursue the subject. There are some disappointments so deep that words only mock them.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

I left Jem Gilmer pushing towards Squire Chandler's, after having disconcerted Abe Spicer in his rehearsal. After he had passed the confines of the wood, he struck off from the main road, and pursued his way across the country, keeping a sharp look-out on all sides; for Jem and the Squire, with Roney, and some others in the neighborhood, had been too active in scouting and carrying information to Washington of the movements of the enemy, not to have made themselves obnoxious both to the British and to their Tory neighbors, some of whom were industriously watching for them in order to get the rewards which had been offered to any one who would deliver them prisoners in Philadelphia. He met with no interruption, however, and attracted no attention, except from an occasional farmer's dog, which would raise his head with a sudden bark or two as he galloped past some retired farm house. He scoured along over fences and walls, leaping narrow runs, and splashing through wide ones, skirting swamps, and taking advantage of the patches of woodland, which were much larger and more frequent than at present, always riding either through them or close along their margin in the deep shadow of the trees, until he reached the branch of Chester creek which crossed the Street road about a mile west of William Willson's house. He checked his horse here that he might drink. While the thirsty beast was greedily sucking up the water, Jem's ear caught a faint ringing sound that made him pull his horse's head suddenly up, and listen eagerly. The night was moonless, and somewhat cloudy, so that it was impossible to see for any distance. It was a favorable time for hearing, however, for it was very still, and what little wind was blowing, came from the east. Jem crossed the creek, mounted the bank, and sat listening intently in the shadow of a large tree which grew near the edge. His horse, trained to stand like a statue when the rein was laid upon his neck, stood motionless and perfectly silent. As his rider listened with painful earnestness for a repetition of the sound which he had heard, a freaher breath of air came past him, bringing the same sound more distinctly, and this time unmistakably. It was the clang, faint at this distance, of a body of cavalry in motion! It seemed to come from the Street road, which lay about two hundred yards north of where Jem stood, and was, as well as he could judge, near the spot where the Concord Road turned off from it.

"By jing!" said Jem hurriedly, "that's pleasant; I don't believe it's any of our people, and if it's the red-coats, they're after the Squire, sure!" Jem knew that a reward had been offered for the Squire, though he was not aware until some time afterwards that he himself was included in it. There was not a moment to lose. If the troopers were going to the Squire's house, it would be impossible for him to reach it in time to give an alarm, and the only plan was to lead them off after himself, in the forlorn hope that he might keep sufficiently ahead of them to prevent recognition. His object was, however, to get near enough unperceived, to draw their fire when he became visible, trusting that the report of the pistols would be heard at the house, and put the inmates on their guard.

He accordingly rode at a brisk gallop towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded, keeping in the hollow and along the course of a small stream which first crossed, and then ran parallel with the Street road, until he was within half a quarter of a mile of the Concord road; he then turned his horse, and rode quietly up the slope, still gradually heading towards the sounds, which were now clearly audible. As he reached the edge of the road, where a gap appeared in the broken fence, he stopped to reconnoitre. Within three hundred yards of where he stood, their horses drinking in the little stream where it crossed the road, were some twenty-five or thirty soldiers, indistinctly visible in the darkness. He could hear the clash and jingle of their accoutrements as the horses moved to and from the water. Up to this time Jem's intention had been to lead them off on a wild-goose chase in a direction away from the house; but it occurred to him that in that case they might despatch a few men in pursuit while the main body proceeded to their original destination. This would not answer, as it would frustrate entirely his plan of alarming the Squire, and besides, the idea suddenly flashed across his mind that he could lead them into a trap. He therefore rode along cautiously in the field, keeping close to the fence, until he heard the order given to "fall in," and in a moment afterwards to march, followed by the steady tramp of the horses. Now or never was the time to show himself. The party had turned into the Concord road, and were going at a walk in order to avoid giving any alarm. Jem now rode out from the fence to the clear ground on the brow of the slope. He was instantly seen.

"Who goes there? Halt!" came in a quick stern voice from the head of the troop.

Jem stopped his horse, but made no answer.

"Who goes there, I say? Halt, in the King's name!"

There was no mistake now; Jem turned his horse's head, and cantered off to the westward.

"After him!" exclaimed the leader; "after him! By George, it's the very man we're looking for, I'll bet a guinea."

The whole party leaped into the field pell-mell, in pursuit. This was just what Jem wanted. Glancing over his shoulder, and seeing that they were all after him, he sank the spurs into his horse's sides, and darted off.

"Shall I fire at him, sir!" said one of the foremost troopers, drawing a pistol.

"No; put up your pistol; do you want to rouse the country? Use your spurs instead."

No more words were spoken. Pursuers and pursued rode on in silence. When the latter had run about half the length of the large field, he suddenly wheeled to the left, and made, with desperate speed, towards the house of William Willson. The soldiers wheeled also as promptly as possible, though, of course, taking more time and more space to do so in a body than Jem had required to do it singly, thus giving him a few precious seconds of advantage. All were now going at the most furious speed their horses were capable of. Fortunately for Jem the soldiers' horses were no fresher than his own, and were, at best, but average troop cattle, while his was nearly full blooded and of a racing stock. As they came to the little stream which divided the field, and which, overhung by long grass, was almost invisible, half of the pursuers' horses, which were in front, blundered in it, throwing some of their riders over their heads, and giving Jem a few seconds more of start, while they were picking themselves up. By the time they were fairly underway again, Jem was just rising the southern slope near the house; they saw him pass a chestnut tree which stood near the fence, then whisk over the fence itself and disappear. The next moment the front riders of the pursuing party leaped the fence directly in his tracks, the rest followed, and the leader catching an indistinct glimpse of what appeared to be a man's head and shoulders rising above the top of the cornstalks in the field in front of the house, the whole party rushed down the bank which sloped even more steeply than on the side they had traversed, across the level spot between the house and barn, and headlong, tumbling over each other, higgledy-piggledy, in a cursing, squealing, neighing, and kicking mass, right over the terrace-wall, which I mentioned, you may remember, at the beginning of my story. The scarecrow at which they had charged so furiously, stood in its place, perfectly unmoved; while Jem issued from under the wagon house which was attached to the side of the barn nearest the dwelling, supported by sturdy pillars, into the impenetrable darkness beneath which he had turned the instant after he had crossed the bank. This was his trap. Leaving them to pick themselves up at leisure, and not stopping to ask how many necks were broken, he dashed along the lane which led into the road, across the latter, over the fence, and across the fields to Squire Chandler's house, and throwing himself out of the saddle, opened the door unceremoniously, and found himself in the presence of the Squire, John Talbot, Roney Baldwin, and William Willson, who were sitting around the fire which burned brightly in the large kitchen chimney. All looked up, surprised, as Jem burst into the room, but he gave them no time to speak.

"To horse, Squire, to horse! Don't lose a minute!"

"Why, what's the matter, Jem?" said Roney, "you look as wild as a hawk."

"I've a good reason to look wild," answered Jem, hurriedly; "I've just outrun a troop of mounted red-coats, and they'll be here in less than three minutes. Don't waste a second, Squire," he added, "it's you they're after, and they'd ha' been here before this if I hadn't led 'em into a trap over there at Willson's."

"At my house," said William Willson, "what kind of a trap did thee find there, I should like to know?"

"Are you William Willson?" inquired Jem; "'servant, sir; didn't know you afore. Yes, I found a trap ready made to my hand. I sent 'em smack over the wall, down into the cornfield, after a scarecrow they thought was me!" And Jem laughed outright at the recollection.

"And where was thee?" inquired the old farmer. "Did thee go over with 'em?"

"Not precisely," said Jem, with a grin; "I got over the bank about thirty yards ahead of 'em, an' had just time to turn under the wagon house, where it was as dark as a stack o' black cats, as they went by full speed, an' over the wall before they could stop."

"What, all?" inquired Roney, eagerly.

"Every rascal of 'em, man an' horse. By jing! but it was fun. I could hardly keep from laughin' out as they tumbled. Hark! what's that?" he exclaimed, as the clatter of a horse's feet was heard near the house.

"It's Thomas riding off," said John Talbot, quietly; "does thee think they will be likely to molest the family?"

"No, I don't think they will," answered Jem, "but they'll molest us, if they catch us sitting here. There! I hear 'em now," he added, going to the door and listening. The others came to the door, and heard distinctly the tramp of horses, and the faint jingle of accoutrements which had first caught Jem's attention.

"I don't think they've started yet," said Roney, listening, "the sound isn't regular enough; but we mustn't be caught here this way, or they'll suspect something. There's your horse, Jem; take the saddle and bridle off him, and lead him into the orchard, and then make across for the woods. John, you take 'em to the garret and hang 'em up with the others there; and I'll cover up the fire, so they won't suspect any one has been up. You'll have to stay here to answer questions; maybe Uncle William had better stay too."

"No," said the latter, "I must contrive to get home at once, or Sally will be frightened, and think something has happened to me."

"Well, maybe that would be best;" said Roney; "Jem, I'll meet you at the schoolhouse," he added, as he took the saddle and bridle from the latter, and handed them to the schoolmaster; "now off with you. John, do you get up stairs and put 'em out of the way;" and while these directions were being obeyed, he hastily covered up the fire, and passed out at the back door with the old farmer.

I must now return to the unlucky troopers. When they succeeded in gathering themselves up, they found that although no one was killed, some eight or ten of their number were so severely wrenched and bruised as to be scarcely able to sit upon their horses, much less fit for a chase; three of the horses were unable to rise, and nearly all the others were limping.

Under these disadvantageous circumstances, the leader, who had escaped unhurt, except some scratches on his face, and considerable abrasion of the skin of his hands and wrists, where they had come in contact with the hard cornstalks as he took flight over his horse's head, came to the conclusion that he might as well give up the pursuit.

"The dog's escaped," he exclaimed, with a bitter oath; "if he's not the man we came for, he's alarmed him by this time, and he's off; but we must have a light here; Sanderson, go to the door and knock somebody up and ask for a lantern."

The trooper scrambled up the wall and began to bang at the door with his sword hilt, and in a few moments it was opened by Abram Willson, to whom the man made known his wish civilly enough, explaining their predicament in a few words. Abram turned into the kitchen and procured the light, and then went out with the soldier, followed by Sam, whom the banging at the door had aroused, in spite of the thick horse blanket in which his head, as usual, was enveloped. Abram had seen the whole affair, having been awakened by the tramp and clatter of the pursuit, even before Jem had crossed the bank. He sprang out of bed just in time to see the latter turn into the darkness under the wagon house, the rush of the pursuers over the wall, and Jem's instant reappearance and flight across the rear of the house. He had just finished dressing himself as the knocking at the door began.

Aided by the lantern, they soon discovered that one of the horses had fairly broken his neck, while the other two had fractured their fore legs in the fall. These it was necessary to kill, in order to end their misery, and the leader of the troop being unwilling to have any firing, they were despatched by cutting their throats with a large butcher knife, which Sam brought from the house for the purpose.

"And now," said the officer, when this was done, "how are we to get the other horses out of this cursed hole? They're all crippled more or less, and couldn't climb this wall, if they were sound. The d—l take the fellow that led us into such a stupid trap, and the fool that sent us to catch him."

"Who was thee trying to catch?" inquired Abram. "What had he done?"

The officer looked suspiciously at his interrogator for a moment, as if uncertain whether to trust him, and answered,

"No matter who it was. It was somebody that General Howe would give a good deal to get hold of:—Well, I'll tell you; you don't look like a rebel, and perhaps you may know if it was the right man. We were after a fellow they call Squire Chandler; a rebel spy and scout; do you know him?"

"Yes," answered Abram, "I know him well enough, but I don't know anything about his motions. Thee may set thy mind at rest, however; I don't know who the man was that led thee into the trap, but I know it *wasn't* Thomas Chandler."

"How do you know?" inquired the other quickly and suspiciously.

"Because I saw him come over the bank and ride off past the back of the house, and he wasn't as big a man by fifty pounds, as Thomas Chandler."

"What course do you think he took?" inquired the officer.

"Most likely straight over to Chandler's to warn him, if he was at home," was the answer; "if he *was* there, he isn't now, thee may be very sure."

"I've a great mind to try it," said the officer.

"Thee may try it; but thee won't accomplish anything but frightening the women and children, and I s'pose thee don't care about doing that."

"You seem to know something about his movements for all," said the officer suspiciously; "how do you know we won't find him?"

"Because I know, and the whole neighborhood knows, that a price has been set upon him; I know he is as wary as a crow, and even if the man thee was chasing hadn't gone towards his house, thee and thy men made clatter enough to be heard a mile off on a still night like this."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said the officer; "if we were only in running condition, I would like to scour the country for the knave that led us into this stupid mess; if you'll have the goodness to show us some way out of this without walking up the wall, I'll be obliged to you."

"Come this way, then," said Abram, moving along the wall towards the road.

"Fall in, men," said the leader; "you that have the soundest horses, take up those three, who are dismounted, behind you." This was done, the order given to march, and the party in a few moments filed through the bars to which Abram had led them, into the open Concord Road, and took up their limping march towards Philadelphia.

As they passed under a large tree near the school-house, the long, doleful "tu-whoo-hoo-hoo-o o-o" of an owl rang over their heads from the branches near the top, where Jem Gilmer was snugly perched, and who had let off these agreeable sounds in order to give vent to the noise that was struggling within him, and which would otherwise have inevitably burst out in a horse-laugh. As it was, he shook so that he could scarcely keep his perch, and there was a convulsive tremor about the sounds he uttered, which would infallibly have betrayed him to any one well acquainted with them. The soldiers, however, suspected nothing, but cursed the owl for hooting at them, and hurried on to get away from the boding voice.

When they were out of sight, Jem slid down from the tree, followed by Roney, from another one, and exclaimed,

"Now I'll go an' get my horse again. I say, Baldwin, don't I know how to do the screech-owl?"

"I've heard screech-owls that did it better," answered his companion, drily; "why on earth didn't you keep still, instead of making that infernal noise that would have drawn a pistol shot into the tree, if they hadn't been a set of know-nothings?"

"I couldn't help it," said Jem, not particularly pleased at the implied disparagement to his powers of imitation; "I had to let somethin' out, or bust; it was so jolly, to see all the hounds that had been huntin' me limpin' along an' gruntin' that way." And Jem held his sides, to prevent another explosion. It was very improper and unamiable, I know, in Jem, to be so excessively tickled at his enemies' discomfiture, but then, he never set himself up for either a proper or amiable person; and indeed, I am a little afraid that I, myself, who do set up for both, would have felt a good deal the same way.

When Abram returned with the lantern, he found Sam sitting on the terrace, with his legs dangling over the edge, looking blankly at the dead horses, and the pool of blood which had run from their throats. Sam rose to his feet, and they looked at each other.

"Well, Sam," said Abram, "what does thee think?"

"I tink dey hain't got de Squire, dis time, anyhow; an' I guess dey won't try to ketch de ole scar' crow ober de cawnfield wall at night, de nex' time neder;" said Sam, springing his parenthetical legs outwards, and straightening them again with a jerk and a dive of both hands into his pockets; "I guess dey won't ride so fas' down hill agin;" and Sam gave vent to a hearty laugh, and suddenly, without any warning, turned a flip-flap backwards, and came up again with a face as sober as a judge's, close to the old farmer who had reached home, and had come around the house to see what was the meaning of the light. His son explained what had happened in a few words, and they retired into the house, the white men to their respective beds, and Sam to his horse blanket.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

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For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

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THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The last advices from Europe are generally considered to be of a more peaceful character than those we have had for some weeks previous; still it is evident that the fear of a great war has by no means passed away. The speech of Louis Napoleon to the French Legislature, though apparently moderate in its tone, seems to have produced rather an unfavorable effect than otherwise. It is a very noticeable fact that during a speech of Count de Morny's before the same body, every allusion to the benefits of a peaceful policy was received with cheers. The legislature, however, may be supposed to represent the feeling of the great commercial classes, and the large property holders, rather than of the army, and of the peasantry, from whose masses the army is constantly being recruited, and is therefore in full sympathy therewith. Past events have proved that the workmen of Paris are not to be considered true exponents of the feelings of the lower classes of the country at large—they being much more democratic in their opinions than the peasantry.

Louis Napoleon, in his speech, as our readers will notice, takes great credit to himself for the alliance with England. This alliance, however, if a general war in Europe should take place, would run much risk of being broken. It is evident that the governing classes in England rather incline to view Austria as the injured party, and France as the picker of a quarrel. England, too, is naturally disposed to adhere to existing treaties—arguing that if they once be thrust aside, as not in accordance with the claims of justice, and the exigencies of Italy, there is no knowing how far such a precedent may lead. Austria, there is no doubt, is entitled to her Italian possessions, so far as the Treaties between the great powers of Europe—France inclusive—can entitle her to them. But Louis Napoleon and the Italians say that there is something superior to treaties—the claims of badly governed peoples, &c. England is disposed to answer, "It may be true; but we cannot go behind the treaties. Right or wrong, we have agreed to a certain disposition of affairs, and we cannot be a party to tearing up with the armed hand, a paper bearing our own signature." If one had more faith in Louis Napoleon, he might feel more strongly the force of his reasoning; if one had less faith in the fairness and integrity of the English character, he might heed less their plea that a treaty, once made, should be strictly adhered to.

Taking the view of the question we have described, it is by no means improbable that, in the event of a war, England might be found on the side of Austria. Then we should have France, Sardinia, and probably Russia, against Austria, England, and probably Prussia. Such a conflict would shake the world. With combatants so well matched, the result necessarily must be uncertain. We might almost say that the genius of the opposing statesmen and commanders would probably determine the conflict. The side which should be favored by Providence with a great leader, would be apt to be the successful one.

But it seems such madness to precipitate so tremendous a war upon Europe, that we can hardly believe that Louis Napoleon will dare the hazard of the die. If he does, we shall almost be disposed to believe, that he is simply acting a part that has been determined for him from the creation of the world. It would seem to us almost as if it might be the opening of another seal of the great book of prophecy, and that mankind were at last approaching the beginning of the end. As if the voice of the angel standing in the sun, was heard crying with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of the heaven, "Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men."

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

PARENT. We have no faith in the "Graham" theory. For that matter, it is generally understood that Dr. Graham himself took to eating meat before he died—and probably hundreds, if not thousands, who some years ago confined themselves exclusively to a vegetable diet, now eat pretty much the same food as other Christian people. We think that children, as a general thing, should not eat meat until they reach the age of three or four. After the age of five or six, meat once a day, at either breakfast or dinner, is, in our opinion, not only beneficial to them, but almost absolutely necessary for their physical development and well being. As to the quantity of food to be eaten, no restriction should be placed upon the appetite of a healthy child. Give him plain, simple, substantial food—bread, vegetables, and one kind of meat—and then allow him to eat, not hurriedly, but composedly, and well masticating his food, until his appetite is satisfied. There should be restriction, however, as to indulgence in sugar and molasses; and, as to candies, cakes and other sweetmeats, the fewer of these that are allowed the better. The supper, however, should always be a light meal. We say to our own children, as much as you please at breakfast and dinner, but be careful at supper. In order to insure this carefulness at supper, that meal should always be of the simplest character—say bread and butter, and a glass of water, or a bowl of bread and milk, or of mush and milk, &c. A light and spare supper insures an early retiring to bed, and a sound, refreshing sleep. It also gives the digestive apparatus time for repose, and an opportunity to make a clean kitchen, if we may use the expression—the consequence of which is a keen appetite for breakfast the next morning. In this connection we may refer to a recent experience of a correspondent of a Poughkeepsie paper. He says that "while visiting a school in Montreal, he asked a teacher if there were any American children there. She said there were, and she could tell them by their pale faces, bright eyes and nervousness. They learned quicker, but lost so many days during the term from sickness, that they did not get along so fast as those who were able to be present constantly. He also took occasion to examine their luncheon baskets, and found the American fare to be a piece of mince pie, the same of pound cake, two doughnuts, a pickle, and a cold sausage; while the English, Irish and Scotch children had either two days' old bread and meat, bread and butter, or bread and apple with nothing else." In fact, in the removal to a new country, our ancestors seem to have forgotten how to bring up their children. In the old world, the experience of many generations has resulted in a plain and simple diet, like that described above. It is high time that American parents should begin to consider the matter a little, and not feed their children on food which is calculated to derange the digestive organs, and give them dyspeptic, nervous, and irritable constitutions. One thing more as to the food of children, we may mention as highly important. See to it that they have fruit—fresh or dried—at least once a day, *especially in the Winter*. We think that the eating of fruit, especially of apples, in the Winter season, has a great tendency to prevent fevers of various kinds. And we think we have noticed, in winters when fruit has been scarce and high, a much greater amount of scarlet and other fevers. Therefore we would advise the paying of even a high price for fruit, as good economy, rather than to allow your children—and yourself—to go without it for many days at a time. Better pay for apples, fresh or dried, than for medicines.

ALFRED. You like Florence Percy's poetry, and also like plenty of conundrums, do you? Well, we will give you a conundrum appropriate to your case, and see how you like that. Why will he who loves Florence Percy, necessarily love her for herself alone? Now, that is a very easy conundrum, but as we know Alfred cannot guess it, we will open the ring to any other of this fair poet's admirers. Who speaks first?

D. D. If we thought any number of our subscribers would like to have a Chess Department, we would have it. But do you think you would have the patience to follow out the moves of model games, to study problems, &c., more than for about three weeks? That old book you speak of is probably a fiction. "cut out of the whole cloth." Fictitious works of travel, professing to describe countries that no other traveller has ever seen, used to be not uncommon. Nowadays, when either John Bull or Brother Jonathan manages to go everywhere, such deceptions are more difficult; in fact, almost impossible. When Herman Melville's "Typee" was published, many supposed that it was a mere fiction—but it was not many months before we knew from South Sea travellers that if it were not true, it might be so. Anybody nowadays who wishes to astonish the world with his accounts of a heretofore undiscovered country, must go up in a balloon, and manage to be cast away upon some star.

HULDAH. "How to proceed?" Why the way is very simple—write your story, send it to us, and we will soon tell you whether it is suitable for publication, at least in THE POST. As to your chances of success, we suppose they are about one in a hundred. The belief of an editor in "mute, inglorious Miltons" is generally very small indeed—still there are such, as we have good reason to know; and if Huldah is one of them, no one would be more pleased to recognize the fact than ourselves.

T. T. You want an outside plaster for your concrete house, which will stand both frost and rain. We know of nothing but the usual lime, water and sand. That stands the weather pretty well in this region, though we believe it fails in colder latitudes. Doubtless it would do very well at Columbus. It is best not to use any coloring matter, if your sand is at all of a good color—as the rain will generally streak the coloring. The best mode to color, though it is expensive, is to paint the plaster after it is well dried. Two or three coats of good paint will prevent the rain from penetrating, and aid greatly not only in preserving the plaster, but in keeping the inside of your house dry, and free from damp.

D. D. B. You may think your anecdote would not give offence, but we have more experience than you of the number of fools in the world, and we believe it would; and therefore decline publishing it.

[illegible] who an admirer is desirous that matters should be kept strictly secret between him and his lady-love, the latter should desire him to keep away from her presence until he can come openly as her suitor. Frankness and sincerity love the light. If you do not wish to tumble down precipices, do not wander about in the dark.

PET-BIRDS. We see "mint tea" recommended for pet-birds that have lost their plumage—to be given to them, instead of water, every other day. It is also recommended that they should not be exposed to draughts of air in the winter, that a little millet seed should be given them occasionally, and that a covering should be thrown over the cage at night to keep them warm. It is a subject of which, from our own experience, we know little. Our pet-birds are "two-legged ones"—as the old lady observed, when her husband said that the chickens had been eating the grapes. "Two-legged chickens, I guess," sarcastically, though rather innocently, remarked the old lady.

ETIQUETTE. Of course, when dinner, or supper, is announced, offer your arm to one of the ladies, and escort her to the table. The other gentlemen will follow the example of their host. This is much better than going pell-mell, as is the custom even in many refined and intelligent circles. There is a pretty and proper way to do every thing; even, we suppose, to eat an orange—though that we confess, is a somewhat difficult thing to do prettily, especially when it is a *very* juicy one.

JANE. Of course, fall in love with all the gentlemen you meet. When their hearts are broken *by you*, we guess it will not hurt them a great deal. Take care, however, of your own heart, in the meanwhile. You have heard, perhaps, of people who went to the shearing, and came home shorn.

THOMAS. We commiserate the condition of a bashful man very much indeed—because it seems to be out of the order of nature, along with "crowing hens," &c., &c. We have, however, given our best advice upon this subject, in a previous paper. We may say in addition, that sometimes it is best to affect a virtue, even if you have it not—and this is one of the cases. When you enter into the society of ladies, therefore, just inform that timorous, thumping heart of yours, that you mean to pay no attention to it, thump it never so loudly. By affecting a bold and confident demeanor, you may possibly acquire it at length, through the mere force of habit. Only be resolved—for resolution can almost work miracles.

F. G. E. "Unreasonable," by no means—but we do not know of any one to refer you to. Do any of our readers know of "a gentleman who feels an interest in commencing a large farm out West, to be conducted by an association of capitalists on a very extensive scale," and who would be willing to correspond with Mr. F. G. E. to "start the thing?" If they do, let them drop a line to us, and we will give them our correspondent's address, who says he is a practical farmer, and believes it would pay well.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23, 1859.

It does seem, my dear G. H., that some Titanic imp of mischief has been playing pranks with the seasons, and mixing up things wonderfully. Such weather as we have been having lately astonishes even that worthy and nameless individual, "the oldest inhabitant." One could fancy that we had all taken a short Rip Van Winkle-nap, and wakened in the spring. I listen involuntarily to hear the birds sing;—I look to see the young trees sprouting in tender green. But Nature is too wise to be hurried into premature song and bloom. She is not to be cajoled by a few, smiling, balm-breathing days, out of the sublime regularity of her times and seasons. "Wait a little longer, my dears," she says.

I have a suspicion that *I* am about the greenest thing to be seen hereabouts. After my prolonged absence in the country and in the city-lets of the West, our great town overwhelms me by its simple grandeur, its profound respectability, its steady, majestic growth, the slow, solid roar of its business and travel. My head swims, as from a height, I look over its vast rectangular area—the checquer-board of the universe. It is marvelous how in the hardest of times it still spreads itself out, in all directions. One feels like exclaiming with the Yankee, on his visit to Boston—"Why! not done yet!"

Well, let the Titan Improvement stretch himself and stride on, as long as he does not trample on, or disturb the dear old land-marks—the sacred shrines of the city and the nation.

Nothing has given me so much pleasure since my return, as a sight I saw yesterday. Walking down Arch Street, I came to the old Christ Church Burying Ground, in one corner of which is the grave of Franklin. The yard is surrounded by a thick, high, unsightly brick wall, which hitherto has utterly excluded all view of the grave. The gate is always locked, and nobody thereabouts seems to know who the sexton is, or where he is to be found. I made so many fruitless efforts a year or two ago, to strike his trail, that I at last, in my despair, came to Sairey Gamp's conclusion, that there wasn't "no such person"—that no officer of the kind being needed in the old-fashioned and disused place of sepulture, the last incumbent had quietly fallen asleep in some shady corner—had "gathered *himself* in," and left no successor.

But the welcome sight which met my eyes this day, was an open iron fence, taking the place of the solid, sullen old wall, for a space just opposite the republican philosopher's grave. For the first time, I looked down upon that simple, yet majestic resting-place. A plain slab, once white marble, but now turned almost black, a type of Nature's mourning for the great, ever deepening with the years—alone marks the spot—bearing only this simple inscription—

"*Benjamin and Deborah Franklin*, 1790."

I do not plume myself especially on my patriotism—nor am I, I think, a blind hero-worshiper—yet am I always powerfully affected beside the graves of the great. The mere thought of their still, lifeless dust, hidden away in darkness under my feet, moves me more than their passionate words, their immortal thoughts. From the lowly mound, from the bosom of death, arises a vision, a transfiguration of the vanished life, which possesses all my soul. Its beauty exalts and transports me—its hopes thrill me—its fears and cares depress me—its struggle and toil work in my brain—its sorrow swells sea-like, with grand, vague moaning, upon my spirit—its passion storms through my heart. The scenes, the events, the loves, the hates, the antagonisms and companionships of that life come back again—the dead past revives and gives up its dead. Byron, the proud, the splendid, the voluptuous, never wholly subjugated my spirit—but the lonely and melancholy genius which met me beside the gloomy family-vault, in the wretched little church of Hucknall, utterly mastered my sympathies, and received the free and bounteous tribute of my tears. The Milton in Cripplegate Church was grander to me than the Milton in Paradise, in Heaven, or Hell—and the dust at Shelley's heart, buried in Rome, moved my heart to more passionate pulsations than had ever the sorrow of the "Adonais," or the tragedy of the "Cenci."

Benjamin Franklin, I know, was no poet, no supernal genius, yet it was with emotions nearly akin to those I had felt at the great "pilgrim shrines" of other lands, that I found myself beside his most unostentatious tomb. I had been as near it many times before, but the early old prison-like wall that my sight could not pierce, had virtually removed the grave leagues on leagues away. Now, in seeing that gray old slab, I saw *him*, the poor 'prentice-boy, the printer, the patriot, statesman, philosopher. The stone was written all over with his history, interspersed with maxims of "Poor Richard;" the still winter air above it was painted with the varied and wonderful scenes of his life, ranging from the dingy little printing office in Boston, to the throne-room of the palace of Versailles. About this grave were grouped the great, the noble of his time—the glorious company of rebel heroes—the noble army of freedom's martyrs,—while some distance back, under a crimson evening cloud, gold-fringed like a royal canopy, yet which looked as though it might break and rain blood, shone in gay, yet mournful splendor, a stately court-scene.

I beheld the philosopher in his quaint, democratic dress, moving amid all those splendors, bearing a wordless, yet most eloquent testimony against the show and magnificence bought at such a fearful price for the people—grinding taxation, ceaseless toil, desperation, crime, ignominious death, or the long agonies of starvation.

I saw him gaze with calm, sad, undazzled eyes upon the young king, the beautiful, proud young queen, and on all that glittering crowd of lords and ladies gay, reveling like the luxurious patricians of Pompeii, while the mountain of a nation's wrath was already beginning to darken the heavens with its sullen portents—was soon to overwhelm them all with the fiery destruction nursed for centuries in its secret, seething heart.

I shall not soon forget my joyful surprise at observing this breach made in the old churchyard wall by the besieging spirits of patriotism and hero-worship. My first thought was that the friendly lightning had riven the wall; so that not only the citizens of the philosopher's beloved city, but the stranger and the wayfarer might look freely upon the stone which guards the dust of a man, and bears a name which history, science, and the spirit of human freedom have taken into immortal keeping.

Patriotism is looking up in Philadelphia. A few days since, I visited "Carpenter's Hall"—the building in which the first Congress was held. I had never wished to go there before, hearing that the room was used as an auction store, and that the approach to it was very dirty and disagreeable. But within a few months it has been nicely fitted up and made a very pleasant and creditable place of patriotic pilgrimage. Some of the old continental chairs are here yet, in their old places, and now that the auctioneer and his occupation are gone from here, some of the stately old ghosts of the long defunct statesmen may hap will come back occasionally, and hold night-sessions in the old hall. If they could legislate for a time, for their degenerate great-grand-sons, the country would be better for it, I doubt not,—though it is more than likely that a modern president would see fit to veto every enactment of the glorious old fogies.

The fair ladies of our city have caught the patriotic contagion, and are diligently at work in the cause of a Washington Monument for Washington Square. Such zeal and devotion have been unheard of since the erection of the famous Wethersfield Meeting House, which the women built entirely of onions—not exactly an offering of "sweet savor," but one which doubtless cost much toil and many tears.

It would seem by the affectionate, filial enthusiasm manifested by the women of America for Washington, that they believed him to be not only *pater*, but *mater patriæ*—the father—and mother Jove of the Pallas of American liberty.

The Mount Vernon Crusade is well enough. The sacred tomb should doubtless be rescued from the infidel and the *stranger*, and placed under the care of the faithful at whatever cost to bleeding purses. I wish well to the cause, though I am not one of the sisterhood of fair Crusaders, never having been enlisted by the eloquent preaching of their classic "Peter the Hermit"—but I can but think it a needless and poor act of homage to erect monuments to his mighty memory, whose fame lives in our national life, breathes in our language—rolls in our rivers, roars in our cataracts—murmurs in our pine forests, sounds in our great inland seas—and is the grand silence of our prairies. It stands upon our mountain tops, and towers toward heaven—it canopies the continent from sea to sea—from wastes of arctic snows, to wildernesses of tropic bloom. GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Publications.

BOUVIER'S FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY, OR AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HEAVENS, by HANNAH M. BOUVIER, (Childs & Peterson, Philada.,) received at its first publication, the frank commendation of a number of scientific men of the first eminence, among whom were Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal of England; the great Sir John Herschel; Dr. Dionysius Lardner; Dr. Dick of Scotland; Lieut. Maury, Prof. Bond, Dr. Gould, Prof. Olmstead, Prof. Bartlett, and others of equal note whom we need not mention. The work, of which a handsome cheap edition is now issued, is expressly designed for the use of schools, families and private students, and is conveniently cast in the form of question and answer. It is copiously illustrated with diagrams and figures, which assist the pupil to grasp through the eye knowledge not so easily mastered when abstractly presented to the mind. The majestic beauty of the subject, and the simplicity and clearness with which it is given in its several details to the reader, make the book highly interesting. It has another charm too, in the apt quotations from the poets which here and there illustrate the points presented. These come in like aerial harpings while we make our excursions through the starry fields—"among the large stars that glow like violets and heartsease—the gorgeous beds of triplicate and triple-tinted suns."

A HISTORY OF RHODE ISLAND, by SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD, (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.,) appears to be, judging by the first volume, just issued from the press, an admirable contribution to our knowledge of that State, the ripe fruit of much thought and indefatigable industry. Though a certain Rhode Island bias, which sometimes leads the author into special pleading, may be considered a defect, the great body of the work is manifestly fair and philosophical in its views and judgments, and while it shows the noble character of Roger Williams in its fairest light, it is not unjust, to his no less noble, though less wise, persecutors, the conscientious Puritans.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for February, (Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond, Va.,) opens with a fine account from the pen of Henry T. Tuckerman, of Balzac, altogether the greatest of the modern French novelists, though the least known in this country, only one of his works having been translated.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE EFFECTS OF AN UNWISE SPEECH—A POLITICAL MARRIAGE—A NEW EXPERIMENT—AN IMPOSING SPECTACLE—A MOB OF GRANDEES—PROJECTED RAILWAYS—THE TURKS COMING ON—A PROFOUND REMARK, AND A CURIOUS QUERY.

Paris, January 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The excitement of the public mind with regard to the probability of war still continues, and although the balance of opinion is in favor of peace, the injurious effect of the alarms of the last three weeks has been made painfully apparent by the failure of several large commercial houses of this city. The papers are forbidden to mention the fact of these failures, but the commercial and speculative public is quite aware of their occurrence, and should the present state of uncertainty continue even a week or two longer, these failures will be followed by others to an overwhelming extent. So intimately are the interests of the various members of the European family now united, that a perturbation in one part of the Continent necessarily tells upon all, and thus the depreciation of the public securities throughout this quarter of the globe to the enormous amount of $300,000,000 has followed the ill-judged utterance on the first day of this new year of the Emperor of the French. Business is stagnant throughout the greater part of the manufacturing districts; happily the young crops give hopes of a good harvest for next summer. The absence of the English visitors, whose presence is so important to Paris, has induced the government to relax its requisitions with regard to passports. The costly foreign office visa is dispensed with, and various minor mitigations of the nuisance have been introduced. Preparations are making for the reception of Prince Napoleon and the young princess, whom political reasons are about to unite with a man old enough to be her grandfather, and whose private life (unless it be woefully slandered,) has been as utterly dissolute as a life can well be. It is currently reported that the poor girl is a most reluctant party to the transaction which thus disposes of her destiny.

Frequent allusion has been made in these letters to the attempts which have been made to bring down the present exorbitant price of meat, a subject of great and growing importance in the internal economy of France. A fresh attempt has just been made, and promises to be successful. Two wealthy members of the Senate, indignant at the rapacity of the butchers of Orleans, have recently founded in that city an establishment in which their own cattle are sold in retail to consumers. Finding that they can thus supply the public with meat at a price, which after deducting a fair profit for themselves as graziers, is much below that charged by the butchers, they have just opened a similar establishment, consisting of two large bazaars, in the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, in this city; in one of these pork and sausages from their own farms will be sold; in the other, beef, mutton, and veal from the same estates. These will be sold at prices considerably below those of the ordinary shops.

As all nobility distinctions were done away with at the revolution of 1793, it is usually supposed that there are comparatively few titles in existence in this country. But this is not the case. Re-established under the first Empire, though without the basis of entail, which can alone maintain the brilliancy of these distinctions, the ranks of the French nobility contain a very large number of titles, even when cleared of the supposititious Counts, Barons, &c., which the "Title Committee" is now so busy in separating from the true ones. Thus there are at this time no less than seventy-eight ducal houses in France, of whom only two (viz., those of La Sour d'Auvergne, and Le Tremouille, date from the fifteenth century or three (those of Montmorency, Crussol, and Rohan,) from the sixteenth, and fourteen from the seventeenth; the rest are of recent elevation, by far the greater number dating from the First Empire.

According to a long statement which has just appeared in "*The Engineer*," the French railway companies will have their hands pretty full through the present year, an immense number of branch lines having been "authorised" by the Government. The fact that while nearly £16,000,000 are expended yearly on the making and repairing of roads in France, many of the departments have scarcely any proper roads, (Corsica, in fact, has none at all,) and all are greatly deficient in lines of communication, is sufficient to account for the proposed creation of the new railways; the backwardness of the regions unprovided with roads, and the smallness of the amounts contributed by them to the public treasury, being in exact proportion, a paternal government is naturally desirous to push on a branch of improvement that will tend directly to develope the resources of the country, and, with them, the available ability of the country itself for the purposes of taxation. That the present rulers of France should be keenly alive to the desirability of such a process is natural enough, seeing that, although the financial returns are "cooked" so nicely every year as to present a most flourishing appearance to the world, the Government of the Emperor has actually managed to increase the public debt of France one hundred and ten millions sterling in the comparatively short period during which his Imperial Majesty has held the reins! What with the enormous outlay still going on, (principally in the increase of the military department, and the creation of the navy), it is hard to guess what may be, by-and-by, the sum total of that national bankruptcy towards which the croakers regard this country as probably drifting.

While so many causes of apprehension exist in Europe, the Sultan Abdul Medjid has seen the completion of the first theatre ever erected in Constantinople by a descendant of the Prophet. The theatre, which is for his Majesty's private use, has been built on a most lovely spot, in the grounds of the palace of Dolma-Batchi, at a short distance from the Bosphorus, opposite Scutari, the Sea of Marmora, and Seraglio Point. It contains many large apartments; among others a noble banqueting-hall, 90 feet long by 45 wide, with 12 windows. This room is fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, being hung with richly embossed and gilded leather, the floor covered with a magnificent Aubusson carpet, and chandeliers of rock crystal pendant from the ceiling. In this room, in which diplomatic dinners are sometimes to be given, are two skillfully concealed *tribunes* or desks, one of which is for the use of the Sultan when he may wish to be present, unseen, at some festive gathering within its walls—the other for the orchestra. The theatre itself somewhat resembles that of Versailles (so brilliant under Louis XIV., and his immediate successors, so utterly deserted and silent since their time); it has a line of boxes open on a level with the pit for the reception of the guests of both sexes honored by the Sultan's favor, and a second tier, grated, for the reception of the ladies of the harem. Everything about it is in a style of the greatest magnificence, and the whole building does honor to the taste and skill of its constructors. On the 14th of this month the members of the diplomatic body were present at the first representation given in the new theatre. The guests assembled in the reception-room, when the Sultan entered, and after addressing a few words to each, preceded them into the theatre, where places had been assigned to each. Lady Bulwer, wife of the English Minister, was leaning on the arm of the gallant Fuad Pacha, no doubt to the great scandal of the hidden beauties behind the grating. The piece given was Ricci's comic opera of *Scura-maccia*, sung by the actors of the Italian theatre at Pera; the performance passed off with great *eclat*, the ladies in the latticed boxes being particularly delighted. How these ladies may have regarded the spectacle afforded by the presence of European ladies, with the bare necks and arms which are held by "civilised" womankind to constitute so essential a part of "full dress," receiving the compliments of the gentlemen, and conversing with all the specimens of the masculine gender, Turkish and foreign, we are not informed; but as it is averred by all travellers that the women of the East feel themselves as much aggrieved and insulted at the idea of being released from a life of seclusion as their Western sisters would be at the idea of being condemned to it, we may reasonably infer that the sight of the European ladies in the audience was not particularly agreeable to them. However, it is pretty certain that if the Oriental dames begin to take an interest in the representations and lessons of the drama, the gilded gratings of the harem will fall before very long.

The persistence with which the "lords and ladies" of creation "hold on" to the most absurd and unnatural notions when once we have got them into our brilliant little pates is, nevertheless, truly surprising. Not to speak of the mass of ridiculous prejudices and the customs growing out of them, which make up the staple of domestic and social existence in semi-barbarous countries, how many puerile fancies, how many absurd or mischievous ideas, still hold sway in communities that have reached the era of machinery, telegraphs, and other magnificent inventions, first-fruits of the border-lands of the grand domain of Positive Science on which our Western Intellect is just entering!

Among the foreigners of distinction now in Paris is a Roman, Count Corradini, married to a daughter of the noble family of Saint Yves. The Count's carriage bears an escutcheon on its panels, the sole arms represented being the figures 17 in gold, on an azure ground. The history of this singular blazon is as singular as the blazon itself; and is strikingly illustrative of the profound reflection to which your correspondent's goose-quill has just given utterance.

The Count's father was a poor peasant boy, born in a village in the neighborhood of the Eternal City. At the age of 17 he left his village, and went to Rome to seek his fortune, with only 17 *baiocchi*, (a copper coin, worth about a *sou*) in his pocket. There he soon found a place as waiter, in a *cafè*; after which he entered into business for himself as an errand-boy, and finally rose to the employment of a *cicerone*, and guided strangers in their rambles about the city. Having in this way amassed the sum of 1,700 *scudi*, he opened a little cafe, which he sold, a few years afterwards, for 17,000 *scudi*; with which sum he opened a hotel, in which he contrived to amass a respectable capital. Keeping this hotel for 17 years, he sold it, invested his money in wheat, and made 17 journeys in the East, in the interest of his new avocations as a corn-merchant; a line of business which he followed for 17 years, during which period he realised a colossal fortune, retiring at length to Odessa, where he took up his abode. Having, early in life, remarked the influence of the number 17 upon his destiny, he made a point of employing it in all his undertakings. He commenced his most important affairs, and set out on his journeys on the 17th day of the month; he had 17 ships, bought 17 palaces and houses; in short, he took the number 17 as the key of his existence, and was fully persuaded that he would live until a date which should comprise this number in its total. Strange to say, he died in 1857, on the very day on which he entered his 77th year. He left 17 millions to his three children, having seduously devoted himself, through the last ten years of his life, to keep his fortune at that sum, without increase or diminution.

His eldest son purchased a patent of nobility in Rome, for the purpose of displaying the cipher 17 in his arms; and with a view to securing the fortunate influence which his father had enjoyed, he came to Paris, chose a young lady of 17, and married her on the 17th of December, 1857, hastening this marriage, in order to make sure of the mystic figures being in the date of the event. He searched all the streets in the new quarter of the Champs Elysees, with a view to finding an unoccupied building-lot bearing the number 17; and, after long search, found what he sought in the Rue des Vignes, where he has built himself an elegant mansion. He has a party of 17 friends every week to dinner; and both he and his wife are said to have made a vow not to live beyond their 77th year. QUANTUM.

☞ Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.—*Lord Bacon.*

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MATANZAS Dec. 30, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—

We left Havana for this place by railroad in the early morning. The rain was falling quite fast, causing us to anticipate rather a dreary ride, but we were happily disappointed, for before eight o'clock the sun shone gloriously, gladdening us with his brilliancy. The days are so much longer here—the sun is up by six, and it is quite light at seven in the evening. The short days at home I have almost forgotten. You must remember that here the sun shines with a summer warmth. All day as we journeyed to this place we gazed on the beauties of a tropical clime. Everything grows in such wild luxuriance; we Northerners never see such at home. There never could be any growth to exceed these road-side flowers! Our prairie flowers are nothing in comparison—here they grow year after year, no cold wind ever blighting them, every stone wall and little bush is covered with a flowering vine. The morning glory, or "glories," as they call them here, are growing everywhere, of all sizes and colors, many measuring five inches across, and from that to tiny little ones no larger than the bloom of a cypress vine, which, by the way, grows wild here, as also the oleander and pomegranate. It seems so strange to see flowers growing by the way-side, which we have been accustomed to train in the choicest manner. A certain species of cactus is used for hedges, and it proves to be excellent—the sharp-pointed leaf prevents anything from getting through.

We were fortunate in finding a gentleman in the cars who could speak English, and was exceedingly kind in pointing out various plants which might have escaped our notice. We passed a coffee estate, and saw a fine growth of bushes, but the coffee had been gathered. We were told that while ripening, it looks very beautiful, the bushes being covered with bright crimson berries. We also saw bananas, plantains, pine-apples, and oranges, growing in abundance. As we neared this place, we came to large sugar plantations. Sugar is found to be much more profitable than coffee, therefore many estates that formerly used to produce coffee, now turn their attention entirely to the raising of sugar.

After an eight hours' ride, we arrived at our place of destination, and getting from the cars seated ourselves in a volante. But my companion had to unseat himself so as to find somebody to tell our driver where to go. What a trouble these different languages are. Where is the individual that is *getting up* a universal language? I wish, through the medium of your paper, you would inform him that he may surely count on one pupil, for I am determined to master that language.

We have succeeded in getting as good accommodations as the place affords at the "Knox Hotel." The rooms are rather small, and the "cots" somewhat hard, but we have learned to sleep very soundly upon them. We have only two meals a day, supper being considered an unnecessary luxury. In some places, three dollars per day might be considered sufficient to pay for three meals and lodging, but this is not one of those places.

Matanzas is very prettily situated on the bay, with hills in the back ground. There are beautiful drives around the city, and on the beach, but, finest of all, is to ascend the heights of the Cumbre, and, while the sun is sinking behind the hills, gaze into the valleys, which are truly most beautiful at all times, but particularly so when gilded by the reflected rays of the setting sun.

The atmosphere of Matanzas is much more pleasant to me than that of Havana. In fact, this seems more like a country town, with a country atmosphere. Yet it is too warm to walk for pleasure after ten, A. M. At five, P. M., it again is pleasant. We strangers feel more liberty here in walking about the city. I have been promenading each day, and really enjoy the privilege. We are now and then rather amazed at the customs here; as for instance to-day, while sitting in the *parlour*, we saw a horse walking into the room: of course there were a few feminine screams, which were quieted after our being made to understand that the horse was merely passing through to his stable. It was remarkable to see with what ease the animal navigated among the tables and chairs.

The streets are much wider here, and in passing the dwellings I notice more handsome furniture, and a general appearance of more comfort than in Havana. There is also one of the finest saloons here that I have ever seen. It is the first one established at this place, where ladies are free to go. Everything is served in the handsomest style. Three evenings in the week, the proprietor, (Mr. Henrias,) provides a band of music for the amusement of those who patronise his establishment. The alternate evenings there is music on the "Place d'armes," which is directly opposite. This evening the opera of "La Sonnambula" is performed at the theatre. Madame Gassier is here. She told me to-day she had an engagement with Mr. Ullman to visit the north, and give concerts. I hope she will visit us; she expects to be in Philadelphia about March. I do not consider myself a critic, but her singing in Havana pleased me greatly.

Yesterday we visited a sugar plantation. Before breakfasting we started with some kind friends, one of whom was the owner of the estate we visited. To young lady readers I will whisper that he was the handsomest Spaniard I have seen while on the island. As a race, Spaniards are small, but this gentleman was over six feet, and handsomely proportioned, though only twenty-one years of age. He is keeping bachelor's hall five miles out of Matanzas.

The drive out was delightful. The dew was on the flowers, and brushing by them as we passed in some of the narrow roads, they drop their petals in our laps, filling the air with a June fragrance.

Upon reaching the mansion we were hospitably entertained, refreshed with a glass of wine, and then roamed about over the place, lingering longest at the sugar-mill. The plantation contains five thousand acres, nearly all of which is devoted to the sugar-cane. As far as the eye could reach we saw nothing but cane waving. My thoughts could not but revert to the raising of the Chinese cane at home; it seemed such a farce compared to this establishment, that I laughed outright. Having seen small mills at home pressing out a little stream of saccharine matter, I was not prepared to see a perfect torrent running out as it does here. It is a very entertaining sight. We drank of the fluid before it cooled. It is considered very healthy. They told us that the negroes grow fat eating the cane. Some invalids go out to a plantation so as to receive the benefit of drinking the saccharine matter before it forms sugar, also to smell the steam of it while boiling.

At half past eleven we returned to the house, and enjoyed a breakfast which had been prepared for us. During the meal several times the gentlemen lighted their cigars, smoked awhile, and then eat awhile. There is no time or place that a gentleman cannot smoke, or a lady either, if she desires to. We have found the warmest hospitality on the island. We are taken by the hand as old friends, and all are most kind in their attentions to us. We have been told by others who have been some time on the island, that we are uncommonly fortunate in seeing so much in so short a time. We have embraced every opportunity of sight-seeing, and feel that we have seen more than many who have been here several months.

I must not neglect to mention the fine "Paseo" they have here. We have no drive in the States that will compare with these. The market here is also very fine. It is larger and better than the Havana markets—and a great deal of produce is sent from here to Havana.

We have been delighted with our visit to this place; and shall return to Havana by water, this evening. As we shall leave in the Black Warrior for New Orleans, it may be I shall not have the opportunity of writing before reaching the latter place.

To-morrow is the last of the year. Many happy days has this old year given me; I love it for its joyous memories.

Adieu, A.

☞ A GOLDEN SAYING.—The decencies of life, when polished, become its brightest ornaments. Gold is a means, and not an end. It can do a great deal, still it can't do everything; and among others, it can't make a gentleman, or else California would be choke full of them. —*Nature and Human Nature.*

☞ An honest man is respected by all parties. We forgive a hundred rude or offensive things that are uttered from conviction, or in the conscientious discharge of a duty.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ A HEAT UPON DAMES.—When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis de Nele appeared before him every day in a new dress. "Surely," said the Czar, to him, "your tailor must be a very bad one, that he can never fit you."

☞ "I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," said Daniel O'Connell, to a young writer. "Eh? What, sir?" was the eager rejoinder. "A penny bun, my friend."

☞ THE DIVINITY OF MAN.—There is but one Temple in the world; and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—*Novalis.*

☞ SUN AND MOON.—"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but in my opinion the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time when we really want it, whereas we have the sun with us in the day-time when we have no occasion for it!"

☞ One very cold night a village doctor was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, "Who's there?" "A friend." "What do you want?" "To stay *here* all night." "Stay then, and welcome," was the benevolent reply, as he closed the window, and crept again into bed.

I see that whom God loves,
He chastens sorely, but I ask not why—
I only know that God is *just* and *good*—
All else is mystery. —"*Bitter Sweet.*"

☞ LEGAL ACUMEN.—Mr. E———, a barrister, noted for absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of Macbeth; and on the witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they were "doing a deed without a name;" catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming to the astonishment of the audience—"A deed without a name! Why, it's void; it's not worth a sixpence."

In joining contrast lieth love's delights,
Hence, hands of snow in palms of ruinet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's,
And breasts that case the lion's fire-proof heart
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell.

☞ There is an Eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only these words: "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot: "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered: "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself: "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual: "What doubt is there of that?"

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.
—*Longfellow.*

☞ Bartley, the eminent actor, was called upon by the midnight minstrels on the morning of Christmas day. "We are the parish waits, an' please you," said the spokesman: "we played before your door last night."—"You did, indeed," was his reply in mournful tones; and he looked upon his visitors with the air of a man who knew not their errand. "We have come to hope, sir," went in the clarionet, "for your kind contribution." "Oh, dear," said Bartley, with affected surprise, "I thought you had come to apologise!"

NOTES BY AN EX-EDITOR.

LA FAYETTE IN BALTIMORE—ANECDOTES OF HIM—REV. MR. SUMMERFIELD—PRINCE TALLEYRAND, &c.

Among the most vivid of my early recollections is the reception of La Fayette in Baltimore. The Committee of Arrangements of the City Council had provided apartments for him at the Fountain Inn, opposite the Methodist Meeting-House, in Light Street. They were furnished with costly furniture, made expressly for the occasion. Triumphal arches of beautiful classic devices, inscribed with his name, with words of welcome and with patriotic sentences, and decked with banners and garlands and wreaths of flowers, were erected at various points along the streets through which he passed. Over Baltimore Street bridge, across Jones's Falls; connecting "old town" with new town, thirteen arches were thrown, each representing one of the original States, and a grand arch emblazoned with the names and armorial devices of all, and typical of the Union, towered above the rest, gayly and beautifully festooned with flags and flowers and appropriate inscriptions. The military of the city of Baltimore and of neighboring cities and towns all arrayed in rich uniforms, and with arms burnished for the occasion, and numbering more than twenty thousand men, formed his escort. He was met some distance from the city by the officers of the corporation and other distinguished and eminent personages, and entered the city by West Baltimore Street, in an open barouche, drawn by six white horses, elegantly caparisoned, each with a negro groom, clad in Turkish costume, at his bridle. His immediate personal escort, as the Governor of Maryland, the Mayor of Baltimore and other high dignitaries and gentlemen of eminence, were also in open barouches. The procession extended the entire length of Baltimore Street, and over into great York Street, in Old town, and was several hours in passing any given point. Wreaths, garlands, paintings, banners and inscriptions, of the most beautiful and appropriate characters, were exhibited from the houses along the whole line of the procession. The house tops, porches, balconies, windows, trees and every possible perching or standing-place were crowded with eager spectators, while the sidewalks were thronged with men, women and children, in their holiday attire, with badges of "La Fayette;" and, every now and then, shouts of "welcome to the nation's guest!" rent the air. The population of Baltimore was more than quadrupled on the occasion. Hotels, boarding houses and private dwellings were overflowing with visitors and guests. Warehouses were converted into barracks for soldiers from neighboring towns, and the fields in the vicinity of the city were turned into camps, glittering with tents and with arms of every description, and displaying "the broad stripes and bright stars" from every possible position. At night the entire city was illuminated in a style of surpassing brilliancy. Bonfires were lighted, rockets discharged, and all sorts of fire-works displayed in every direction. Transparencies of historical and patriotic subjects and devices, shone in all available places, some of them of high artistic skill, and at great cost. Lights of every possible hue, arranged as suns, moons, stars, and in letters spelling "La Fayette," and with words of greeting and of historic reference, and the names of distinguished heroes of the Revolution, of our Presidents and of other eminent patriots, gleamed from the house-fronts in every street. At the entrance to Light Street, from Baltimore Street, an arch was thrown across brilliantly lighted with gas,* forming, in letters of flame, the words "Welcome to La Fayette, the nation's guest," and similar devices were exhibited in various parts of the city.

The day after the illumination, the venerable General received and shook hands with thousands in the elegant rotunda of the Exchange. He was clad in a plain black suit, frock coat, and wore an auburn wig, which made him appear much younger than he really was. He exhibited great emotion, and the tears were constantly glistening in his eyes, and he frequently repeated the words, "I am so happy," "I am so happy." The next day he reviewed all the soldiery (about 20,000,) at Whetstone Point, near Fort McHenry. It was a magnificent display. The visit of La Fayette was a proud event in the annals of Baltimore. The monumental city never before saw, and perhaps may never again witness such a spontaneous and universal outburst and enthusiastic demonstration of heart-gushing patriotism.

While La Fayette was receiving the visits and welcomes of the citizens, among the rest a little elderly French gentleman, who kept a cigar store in Old town, called upon him. The moment he seized the General's hand, and looked him in the face, they both simultaneously threw their arms over each other's shoulders, and burst into tears. This greatly astonished the crowd, who could not account for the unexpected display of excessive emotion. The cause was afterwards thus explained: La Fayette was but a youth, in his *teens*, when he determined on leaving France, and coming to the aid of America. Although the heir to a very considerable property, being a minor, he could not make it available for his generous purposes. In this dilemma he had applied to the venerable cigar vender, who was then a gentleman of high standing and wealth, and he afforded to the young apostle of liberty the means of carrying out his chivalrous schemes in reference to our country. Lafayette came to America, and at the age of nineteen was Major General in the Revolutionary army, and the friend and companion of Washington. By the assistance of his old friend he had been enabled to cross the Atlantic, and equip men, and render other "material aid" to our revolutionary cause. Meanwhile his friend, through the vicissitudes and changes of the fallen dynasty, and the succeeding corrupted Republic of France, had been reduced to poverty, and forced to become an exile in that land whose liberty he had assisted the young hero to aid in achieving. After long years of separation they met. The one an humble vender of cigars, the other the honored guest of a great nation, receiving the welcoming acclamations as the guest of millions of freemen. No wonder then at their embrace and their tears. What pride, what gratification, what joy, what memories must have welled up in one moment from their hearts, as their eyes like fountains of their souls, gushed the tribute of their feelings at their time-hallowed recollections! In the lapse of time (I grieve to say it,) I have forgotten the name of the noble old cigar vender, but I trust some other, who remembers it, will make it publicly known. It should ever be engraven on the same tablet with that of La Fayette, and both be forever held sacred in the hearts of Americans.

La Fayette had not kept pace with the growth of "Young America," well informed as he must have been. It is not to be wondered though, for even history is a laggard on our track. He who had done so much to achieve the greatness of the "Great Republic," knew comparatively so little of the rapidity of her progress, that when the frigate Brandywine, (which bore him,) was nearing our shores, he inquired with great *naivete*—"Sir, do you think on our arrival at New York, I will find any difficulty in getting a hack to take me to a hotel?" Hundreds of thousands *there*—millions throughout the land, were waiting to give him welcome!

I have mentioned the Methodist Meeting-House in Light Street, opposite which were the rooms provided for La Fayette. In that venerable building I heard, when a mere child, the great Summerfield preach. He delivered a sermon to children; and I, with the rest of the school to which I was then attached, went to hear him. We were marched to the meeting-house and took our places in the body of the church, long before the preaching commenced. The parsonage of the church, occupied by a most worthy and Christian gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Tiding, ("glad tidings of great joy,") was situated immediately in the rear of the church, which soon became so immensely crowded that Mr. Summerfield had to be admitted from the parsonage, in at a window near the pulpit. He was a spare-formed man, of light figure, and light hair and complexion; and with the most apostolic face that I ever saw outside of a picture-frame. He was not what us boys, (accustomed at our exhibitions, and at the theatre, to see a passion torn to tatters,) would call eloquent, but he was as meek as a penitent woman, and as persuasive. Indeed, as far as I can recollect, meek persuasion was his eloquence. I shall never forget the "loving kindness" of his expression, and I will not attempt to, for I never could, describe it. On me, the impression remains as indelible as indescribable.

About this time, or a year or two before or after—no matter which—I lived at the first house on York Avenue, (Balt.) Below us, about the eighth of a mile, (citywards,) were the Old Hay Scales, a few doors from which was a country store, kept by Messrs. Joseph Fry & Son, two highly respectable citizens of that section of Baltimore. Nearly opposite, in a diagonal direction, was the "Stag Tavern," a sort of city-country inn, kept by Mr. Kline-felter. At this inn was a guest: a small French gentleman, thin, and rather cadaverous in appearance, with lank, darkish hair, sallow complexion, a club foot, taciturn in his manners, and much addicted to snuff-taking. This gentleman was an excellent violinist. He would often of an evening go over to Mr. Fry's store, assume a seat on the end of one of the counters, and take his violin and play, and beat time with his club foot against the side of the counter, while he kept his restless eyes roving over the countenances of his auditory, made up, chiefly, of country people who had come into town to attend market. This man was Prince Charles Maurice Talleyrand, —"the beginning of the end," of the past age. I do not assert this *positively*, but such is my *conviction and belief*; if I am wrong, I claim the benefit of the doubt in my behalf—if I am right, some of your Baltimore readers and correspondents will, perhaps, confirm me.

* Baltimore was the first (and at that time the only) city in America lighted with gas. It was made entirely from rosin and tar. The display was of course a great novelty then.

HINT TO AN OLD PARTY.

How should you know that you are fat,
How should you know that you are gray,
How should you, too, be certain that
You're old, and age-ing every day?

Say, do young ladies glance askew,
Speak low and quick, or drop their eyes;
Or do they frankly look at you,
Chat, smile, shake hands? Old Goose, be wise.

☞ REMEDY FOR FITS.—If you are subject to these distressing attacks, buy your clothes at a slop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterwards.

☞ When Anacharsis, the Scythian, was travelling in Greece, he was reproached by an Athenian with the barbarity of his native land. "It is true," replied Anacharsis, "that my country is a disgrace to me, but you are a disgrace to your country."

☞ The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

☞ Isaac Vossius tells his readers, that "to build cities, surround them with walls, to assemble or dismiss the people, to celebrate the praises of gods and men, to govern the fleets and armies, to accompany all the functions and ceremonies of peace and war, and to temper the human passions, were the original offices of music," and he gravely concludes by observing, "that ancient Greece may be said to have been wholly governed by the *lyre*."

☞ A young lawyer of Philadelphia wrote to an old limb, near Chicago, thus:—"Is there an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" Answer:—"There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no curb around it."

☞ The affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow, yet deep within, not flowing forth like a river to seek thirsty souls far and near, and gladden God's earth, nor gushing up and around like a fountain in the sun, for all who seek them, but useful, notwithstanding, and very precious each to some one individual or household.

THE ANGEL-BRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE A. FROST.

I should have known thou would'st have died,
When fate first led me to thy side.
Thy holy eyes had nought of earth—
Thy lip ne'er curved in heartless mirth;
I should have feared thou would'st have died,
My seraph-love! my spirit-bride!

I loved thee then. I love thee yet—
Though I have striven to forget—
Though Time's dark wing hath pressed my brow,
I loved thee then—I love thee now—
And had I died when thou wast dead—
Thy spirit mine to heaven had led—

Thou gentle presence!—in that hour
I felt thy being—knew thy power—
Thy spirit from the clay departed—
Hath watched o'er me when loneliest hearted
The evening star recalls thine eye—
The mournful zephyr sighs thy sigh.

The forms of earth and visioned air
In being like to thee are fair.
I merit not the bliss to die,
Else would I join thee in yon sky;
Pray that my sins may be forgiven,
I long to die, to reach thy heaven.

How human things the heart deprave!
Though I am kneeling by thy grave,
I feel a yearning unto earth,
Which speaks the spell of mortal birth;
I love an angel loving thee—
Or scarce could wish to cease to be.

I cherish still my marriage-ring,
Keeping it as a hallowed thing;
Of the firm chain of love which binds,
It is a link which still reminds—
Howe'er so long on earth my stay—
No spell can charm thy spell away.

I know I have not long to stay—
To heaven and thee I will away—
Beseeching God in earnest prayer,
Though I have sinned—to meet thee there;
For well I feel—full well I see—
No earthly tie bound me to thee.

The bliss, the doom, hath come at last,
My mortal frame is chilling fast,
While with the soul's clear eyes I see
Mine angel-wife approaching me.
Oh! far from earth to holier things,
I soar to her on spirit-wings!

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

Here we are anchored off Whampoa, twelve miles below Canton, and to see the latter place (or rather what remains of it after the bombardment,) we must get into a boat and pull leisurely up with the flood-tide. We are advised not to do this, as there are lurking "braves" about the mouths of the numerous creeks that empty into the river about here; but being "military men," we say "it would not look well to be over prudent," and stepping into the sampan with the "boldness of so many sheep," and our revolvers, commence the tedious trip.

Upon leaving Hong Kong for this place on the 11th inst., (it is now the 14th of December, 1858,) we steamed through the numerous islands which exist between that place and "the bogus," (mouth of the Canton river,) until arrived at the latter, when we passed swiftly through with the flood-tide, left a ruined fort on either hand, and began passing between the endless succession of rice fields which line the banks of this river between its mouth and the city of Canton. Arriving at this place after a run of nine hours, we moored ship for a week, and began to look around us. The river here is probably less than half a mile wide, by an average depth of thirty feet; but before arriving at our present anchorage we crossed two bars, upon which there was only twenty-one feet at high water, and were we to continue on five miles further up we should be stopped by the "barrier," over which only about twelve feet can be carried. We therefore leave the old Powhatan safely moored, get into a "sampan," hoist the two mat-sails, and with a flood-tide and "soldier's wind," continue on without fear *of feeling the bottom*.

An hour slips quietly away, and we find ourselves at "the barrier." The river here is about three-eighths of a mile wide, and its surface is rendered broken and irregular by sunken junks, &c., extending from bank to bank. These constitute "the barrier," and at either end of it is a heavy fort, while a third frowns down upon us from an up-river point. This barrier was created by the Chinese themselves during the opium war some twenty years since, so that when the ascending vessels of the English should be arrested by it they might be readily destroyed by the neighboring forts. The plan, however, was only partially successful, and the evil remains to this day in the shape of a permanent drawback to river navigation. As we passed between the forts we readily recognized the destroying power of shot and shell. Here it was that the American squadron not long since bombarded the Chinese for insulting our flag; and to judge from the dilapidated appearance of walls, &c., the work was well done. They are complete *masses of ruins*.

Another hour brings us to Canton, and what a mass of ruins do we now see before us. Perhaps the saddest of all earthly sights is that of a vast and densely populated city after a severe bombardment! And next to this is probably the sight of that city after the tide of war has rolled over it, and its starving and houseless population begins to return in straggling parties, to seek beneath the ruins of their homes for buried property, perhaps for the bones of slaughtered relatives. Such was the case at Canton about the time of our visit. I never before looked upon a scene so indicative of want, of misery, and of utter desolation. Upon whom is to rest the responsibility of bringing about this immeasurable accumulation of human woe?

We landed at the lower corner of the city wall, passed the post of a Sepoy sentry, through a ruined archway, up a sudden rise, and then found ourselves upon the city walls, some thirty feet in width, and from thirty to fifty feet high. Four years since I had landed at the same point, and ascended to the same elevation. Then I was greeted by the scowls of a hundred Chinamen, by the noise of crowded streets, and by a threatening bearing, which finally amounted to insults, before which we were forced to retire; now only by the indications of ruin and utter desolation already spoken of. The contrast was painful in the extreme, and awakened a feeling of general commiseration. For two miles we followed the wall, with nothing on our left but confused piles of brick and mortar, and upon our right neglected fields and barren wastes. Scattered throughout the piles of rubbish on our left were half naked and emaciated human beings of both sexes and of all ages, digging with rough tools, or pointed sticks, in search of such little articles of use or value as were occasionally turned up, while upon our right the wall was torn by exploding shells, showing us through the irregular openings the neglected fields, the barren wastes, and the hill-side graves of both foreigner and native.

After walking along the wall a mile or more, we came to the first houses which still preserved anything like their former appearance. These were the "cells" for the numerous students who annually repaired to Canton for examination before they could be pronounced competent to fill offices of State. In these they were locked up, each one by himself, with the questions propounded, and allowed no communication with any one until their tasks were completed, or until the usual time granted for such completion had expired. I suppose there were from fifteen hundred to two thousand of these "cells," all ranged in rows, like so many horse-stalls. They were surrounded by a square stone enclosure, and covered probably an area of ten acres—a large slice even from so large a city as Canton.

Leaving these cells in our rear, and passing by post after post of the Sepoy troops, which had been brought from India under English officers, we finally gained the apparent end of the ruins, ascended the steps of a five-storied pagoda, and commanded an extensive view of the entire city. Descending again we left the wall, and began passing through the first streets we had yet encountered. We now began to see signs of reviving trade and industry, but still almost every other house that we passed was either closed or in ruins. It seemed as if a shell had exploded, crumbling one, sometimes two houses into a mass of shapeless rubbish. After awhile we found ourselves near the centre of the city, and at the entrance to the pleasure grounds which surround the "Yamoon," or city residence of the former Tartar General. It must here be remembered that most Chinese cities have two governors, civil and military. The former having charge of the general direction of affairs, and the latter being in command of all the imperial troops in the neighborhood. This latter is invariably a Tartar, and as such is supposed to watch vigilantly over the interests of the Emperor, lest his Chinese Governor should feel disposed to play the State false.

We found these grounds and the extensive one-story brick house in the centre spreading over ten or fifteen acres of ground, though situated in the very heart of the city. Fruit and shade-trees of various kinds spread out their densely covered limbs between us and the mid-day sun, and a dozen or more graceful antelopes which had so far escaped both the exploding shells of the bombardment, and the knife of the European butcher, peered at us through thick hedges of bamboo. There were artificial fish ponds, too, and romantic looking grottoes sprinkled here and there, and wide shady walks bending around clumps of trees, taking us, we knew not where. Altogether it was a delightful spot, and indicated as good a knowledge of gardening and "landscape painting" in its projectors as any grounds I ever saw. In fact the Chinese are remarkable for skill and taste in laying out grounds.

We found the Tartar General's Yamoon, as we had previously found the five-storied pagoda, occupied by English and French troops and officers. We saw also something which looked very natural, a large apartment filled with straight-backed benches, and having a regular pulpit at its farther end. Prayer-books were scattered here and there, and we subsequently learned that had we arrived a half-hour sooner we might have listened to the end of an Episcopal sermon. For the day was the Sabbath, and the "large apartment" had been appropriated as a regimental meeting-house.

Leaving the Yamoon, we again entered the city, and directed our steps toward the large porcelain establishment of Eu-s'hing, the great "Chinese merchant." But before losing sight of it (the Yamoon) let me observe that it was surrounded by a heavy stone wall and moat, and that its grounds were only to be entered by passing through one of the two strong gateways by which the wall was perforated. The persons who built "the city residence of the Tartar General" were evidently awake to the possibility of periodical rebellions.

"Eu-s'hing" received us with great politeness. His establishment had just been re-opened, (it seems that all the shops and warehouses had been closed during, and for some time after the bombardment,) and he showed us wares of the most beautiful workmanship, some of which had been shattered by the hostile shells. I was surprised to find Chinese china much more expensive than the finest French porcelain, and subsequently learned that this fact was so well established, that most Europeans in China imported their crockery from England and France.

Canton is at present held by about five thousand English and French troops, and they will probably retain possession of it until the several amounts claimed for the expenses of the war by the Allies are liquidated. It is hardly possible to say when these payments will be made, as the money must be obtained from the future receipts of the Canton custom-house, or from the voluntary subscriptions of the larger Chinese merchants, who are anxious to see things restored to their former condition. It is still more impossible to predict when Canton itself will recover from the heavy blow which its prosperity as a commercial city has received by the late bombardment.

ROTHSCHILD,

AND HOW HE MADE HIS FORTUNE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was towards the end of September, 1793, after having appealed to all nations to engage in breaking the sceptre of tyranny, the French Convention raised and dispersed over Europe an army of three hundred thousand men, destined to serve as a support to its revolutionary doctrines.

Great and small, powerful and weak despots alike fled before them, one and all, on the wings of fear. Many among them at the approach of the republican troops did not take time to pack up their treasures.

A German prince, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, seeing the revolutionary flag on the borders of his states, had sufficient courage and coolness *not* to imitate those who ran away with empty pockets. He packed up his diamonds, with two or three millions of thalers, and took the road to Frankfort, where he thought he would be able to place his fortune securely.

Once arrived in the old imperial city, he hurried to the dwelling of a petty Jewish banker, named Meyer Rothschild, who had more children than dollars, but was a skillful archæologist.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel having a passion for the antique, professed great admiration for the old Jew's science.

For five or six years Meyer had been the furnisher to his Serene Highness' medal-maker. He kept up a succinct correspondence, and the prince had never had cause to complain at a dishonest sale, nor any kind of deception in their mutual affairs.

To this man did the prince confide his six millions of property.

Immediately afterwards Frankfort surrendered to the French troops, and Meyer Rothschild was completely ruined. Like the phœnix, he rose, however, from the ashes of his former self, and became richer than ever; but the Landgrave's property remained untouched.

The ruin of the banker had led Prince Hesse-Cassel to believe that all his property was swallowed up, of course; but a faint hope led him to Frankfort in 1802.

"I am as poor as Job," said he to Rothschild.

"You poor! my lord! I have your deposit in perfect safety. I have increased it even. I can restore you the whole, with five per cent. interest."

The prince burst into tears.

"Meyer," said he, "keep my money. Increase it if you wish. For twenty years I will take no receipt, and I will only take two per cent. interest."

Thus it was that the house of Rothschild became arch-millionaire.

Old Meyer died in 1812. At his death-bed he made his five sons, Anselmo, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James promise to remain Jews, and never to disunite their interests.

The deposit of Hesse-Cassel continued to prosper in the hands of the five sons.

James, the youngest of the family, and the hero of this notice, obtained for his share of the enormous wealth possessed by his family in 1814, two hundred millions of francs. France borrowed this to pay its *enemies*.

A financial alliance had been organised by the brothers, embracing the five capitals of Europe—Frankfort, Vienna, Naples, London, and Paris. Their house lent to the Russian and Austrian Emperors, to the Kings of Prussia, England, Denmark, Naples and Sardinia.

They were informed of the least fluctuation in public funds at different commercial headquarters. They only operated in what was certain, and their operations were wrapped in impenetrable secrecy, a sure guarantee of success in speculation.

Nothing could now arrest these Jews, they were the creditors of kings and of nations.

From one end of the continent to the other kings loaded them with honor.

They were made barons, and their posterity of both sexes ennobled by letters patent at the court of Vienna. The King of Prussia, and the Grand-Duke of Hesse Darmstadt received them among their Aulic counsellors. All kinds of orders and crosses were worn by these children of Israel—and the haughty autocrat of the north loaded them with titles and with respect.

Three of the sons of old Meyer seem to have inherited his genius in financial matters, Nathan, Solomon, and James.

Nathan made a fortune of thirty million francs, which he *quadrupled* by the invasion of 1815.

This celebrated financier died in 1836.

James Rothschild wished at one time to cause his wife to be received at court, (he had married his own niece, the daughter of his brother Solomon.) This kind of marriage is authorised by the law of Moses. This lady—Madame de Rothschild, a true lady—of great distinction in her manners, would have appeared to great advantage at the Tuileries. Unfortunately, the Duchess of Angouleme was consulted. Greatly scandalised she exclaimed:

"The place of a duchess to a Jewess! Do you forget that the king is His *Very-Christian* highness?"

The Baroness and Baron had to renounce their ambitious hope.

The King who was too proud to offer incense unto Baal, was compelled, with all other European monarchs, to do without the assistance of Baron Rothschild.

James Rothschild is noted for his meanness. He gave five thousand florins to the poor of Frankfort, which, in proportion to his fortune, was the same as if he had give *two cents*.

At a fair a pretty lady asked him to give something to the poor, and held out her bag to him. He had already dropped something into it when her head was turned away.

"I haf already given somting."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady. "I believe it—but I did not see it."

"And I," said the witty Princess of C——, who stood by, "I saw it, but I do not believe it."

On another occasion, when it was stated that "Baron Rothschild had lost ten louis at cards, without saying a word,"

"Ah!" said Scribe, "I believe it, deep grief is mute!"

The same Baron de Rothschild was capable of acts of marvellous generosity.

Repulsed by the old court, the Baroness Rothschild was welcomed by the new one.

Under Louis Philippe, Rothschild flourished like a "green bay tree."

Henry Heine, the writer, though cordially received by the banker made him sometimes the subject of his merry jests.

"What does Lacryma-Christi mean?" asked the Jew—*apropos* to some splendid wine on his table.

"It means that Christ sheds tears when Jews drink such wine as this," said Heine.

The Baron was obliged to laugh. A deputy once asked Rothschild (who was sometimes very rude,) whether his health was good.

"Good enough," said the Baron.

"And Madame la Barronne is well, I hope?"

"What business is that of yours?" answered Rothschild.

He amused himself sometimes with humiliating those who only tolerated his society on account of his wealth, and had the insolence to receive the Ambassador of Vienna without offering him a seat.

On another occasion, when the Prince of Wurtemberg was dining with him—

"Paul," said he, "will you have some of this stew?"

The Prince looked at him, and then turning to his servant, who stood behind him—

"Don't you hear, you rascal, the Baron is speaking to you!" exclaimed he, and rising immediately, he left the table and the house.

He sometimes by way of a choice witticism, says to those who come to his house, which cost three millions—

"Have you done me the honor to come to this dog-kennel."

"Baron," said Heine to him, "you may say such things to *yourself*, if you like, but it is not polite to say them to other people."

Balzac's "Baron Nucingen," is Baron Rothschild. He paid six thousand crowns to the writer to suppress this character from his works.

Rothschild occasionally makes a joke at the expense of the "faithful" themselves. His nephew said that he would give a thousand francs to know the author of a certain book.

"Nothing is easier, nephew—advertise the reward, and if it is a Jew who wrote it, he will come for the money."

Rothschild attempted to beat down the price asked him by Horace Vernet for his portrait, which the artist refused to paint for less than five hundred francs. The financier ran away in horror. Vernet stopped him, and told him that he would do it for nothing.

It stands in the picture of La Smala, the old man running away with a casket of gold and jewels. Sordid avarice and fright are depicted there as they had been on Rothschild's face when running from the artist's studio.

Louis Philippe was obliged to mortgage Madame Adelaide's property on one occasion, in order to "screw a loan" out of the old Baron.

He sent thirty thousand francs to Marc Caudiliere, and when complimented on his generosity answered,

"Oh! I shall get back double."

Felix S——, a commercial man of great merit, wished to borrow a hundred thousand francs of Rothschild, for a vast enterprise; the banker refused the loan; "But come with me," said he, "you shall have it without its costing anything."

He took him to the *Bourse*, walked arm-in-arm with him a few moments, and then left him.

Scarcely had they parted, when, as Rothschild expected, twenty capitalists went up to the man honored by the intimacy of the "king of finance," and placed their money and credit at his disposal.

Baron Rothschild has declared France to be the richest country in the world.

At Rothschild's house is one great curiosity, the sword of Henry the Fourth, carried by him at Arques and at Ivry. It was bought by the Baron for sixteen hundred francs, at the sale of the Monville collection.

Poor, proud sword! it never thought to come to such a pass!

The game killed by the Baron's guests at his hunting-parties, is sold by the Baron!

As regards appearance the Baron is no Adonis, although he attempts to be very gallant to ladies.

A lady, (a Marchioness,) gave orders to her coachman, to upset her in front of the Baron's hotel. She pretended to faint, and was carried into the house. The Baron was holding salts to her nose, and pressing her hand, when she opened her eyes languidly, and said,

"It is not salts, I want, my dear Baron—but bank-notes!"

The Archbishop of Malines, on one occasion, bade Rothschild pass first—he did so.

"Monseigneur," said Heine, who stood by, "my friend may be thought rude—but you know the Old Testament precedes the New."

Savinian Lapointe, the shoemaker, who makes verses like a shoemaker, and shoes like a poet, applied to Madame de Rothschild to assist a poor family, and was refused; the next day he related his rebuff in a newspaper of vast circulation, with the additional words:

"The rich man who knows of misery, and does not aid it, ought to be branded with a red hot iron."

One morning a lady who met with a similar reception, told a story about Madame de Rothschild having run over a blind man in the street, and said that she left him there, after throwing her purse full of gold at him, without taking him home "*for fear his blood would soil her carriage-cushions.*"

A coachman having restored to him a pocket-book full of bank-notes to an immense value:

"Give five hundred francs to the *fool*," said Rothschild.

Cremieux, the celebrated lawyer, once visited him.

"Are you really Mr. Cremieux?" said the Baron, "it seems to me Mr. Cremieux ought to be a larger man."

"Are you really Mr. Rothschild the banker?" answered Cremieux, "it seems to me that M. de Rothschild ought to be a smaller man."

M. de Rothschild is sixty-three years of age.

Hoping he may grow less stingy, we bid him good-by. FLORENCE AVENEL.

THE OLD STORY.

He came across the meadow-pass,
That summer-eve of eves—
The sunlight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden-trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie;
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments, sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while,
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An Angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair.
But still they bid their look of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
As charmed there to stay—
It stole aslant the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

Oh! beauty of my heart, he said,
Oh! darling, darling mine,
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?
A moment from that bursting thought
She felt his footstep nigh.
One sudden, lifted glance—but one,
A tremor and a start,
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In duskier hues that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground—
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriadfold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier ere was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes.

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found an utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when came the parting time,
They faltered still and clung;
What is it all?—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—
That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knows—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

—*From the Ballads of Ireland.*

THE COMMANDER AT BUNKER'S HILL.—The following extract from the contemporary press of the Revolution, is found in Mr. Frank Moore's forthcoming "Diary of the Revolution:"

"*June* 17, 1775.—Last evening Colonel Putnam took possession of Bunker's Hill, with about two thousand men, and began an entrenchment, which they had made some progress in, when, at eight o'clock this morning, a party of regulars landed at Charlestown, and fired that town at different places. Under cover of the smoke, a body of about five thousand men marched up to the American entrenchments, and made a furious and sudden attack. They were driven back three times, and when they were making the third attack, one of the Americans imprudently spoke aloud that 'their powder was all gone;' which being heard by some of the regular officers, they encouraged their men to walk up to the trenches, with fixed bayonets, and entered them, on which the Americans were ordered to retreat, which they did with all speed, till they got out of musket shot. They then formed, but were not pursued."

JENKINS'S MODE OF DISCIPLING HIS CHILDREN.

"He wales a portion with judicious care."
—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

☞ The Supreme Court was engaged yesterday, in hearing the application of the Bank Commissioners for an injunction upon the Mount Vernon Bank. One of the Commissioners stated that he visited the bank and found a variety of notes as a part of the assets of the bank, among which was one signed "A. Gale." "A very good name to raise the wind with," interrupted the Chief Justice.—*Providence Post.*

AUSTRALIAN SERVANT GIRLS.

The Australian servant girl is a nuisance. She demands £35 a year, two holidays a week, and any number of followers. One night I was awakened from sleep with a violent fit of coughing, and, almost frightened out of my life by a strong smell of fire pervading the room. I leapt out of bed, opened the door, and hearing a noise overhead, called up to the servant, to know if she had set fire to anything? "La! sir, no," she answered, with all the *sangfroid* in the world; "it's only a friend of mine, who has looked in after supper, smoking his pipe." A second girl left us the same day our child was born. She wasn't used to live in a *house* with a regiment of children. Another, after going to bed one night as usual, at three o'clock in the morning tapped at our chamber door, affectionately bade us farewell, darted from the house, carrying an umbrella with her, and was never seen by us afterwards. Three or four days subsequent to her flight, we received the umbrella and the following letter:—"Miss Maryann presents Her dutyfull respex, and she trusts and Prays U will not b Ankshous on her account. I am goin 2 b married on Friday nex." The majority of the colonial servant girls are provokingly doltish, and this is accounted for by the fact that the good ones get married immediately after their arrival. On the other hand, and as a set-off to this, it cannot be lost sight of, that there are but few comfortable situations in Australia. Both in Melbourne and Sydney, girls are hired at the offices of labor agents, where they assemble each morning, dressed in the height of fashion, waiting for employment. Towards the end of last year crinoline had reached its fullest breadth in Sydney, and I was much amused one day to see a notification posted on the door-post of the little office of one of these labor agents worded as follows: "Ladies coming to this establishment to be hired will greatly oblige by sitting as near together as possible, as for the last day or two many persons desiring to engage domestics have found it impossible to gain admittance." The following is a *verbatim* transcript of a conversation I overheard between a tall, broad-shouldered Scotchwoman and a young housewife about two-and-twenty, who wished to engage her: "Do you desire a situation?" "Not particularly." "Are you open to an engagement?" "Well—yes." "I want a general servant." "Have you a large family?" "No; I have one little child." "Is it a cross child?" "Oh, dear! no—quite the contrary." "Do you keep any other servant?" "We have a very useful boy." "Who would wait at table?" "Yes." "And run of errands?" "Yes." "And open the door?" "Yes." "And clean the knives and boots?" "Yes." "And assist in the house-work?" "Well, I ——" "And nurse the infant?" "Oh, no! that would be your duty." "Then I am very sorry I cannot oblige you. I am neither a perambulator nor a baby-jumper, ma'am!" I have chosen to adhere to the truth, and if the colloquy does not raise a laugh, it will, at all events, serve to illustrate the relative position of mistresses and domestics on the other side of the world. —*Southern Lights and Shadows.*

THE PARISIAN DOG-DOCTOR.

A few weeks ago, the Countess E——, a Russian lady of great wealth, alarmed at the illness of a favorite King-Charles spaniel, sent a servant for the well-known Doctor B——, whose professional practice is wholly canine.

At the appointed hour, enter the M. D.—a tall, thin, bald gentleman of most dignified politeness of manner, and dressed in the profoundest black, his boots of the most spotlessly varnished leather, showing that he had come in his equipage.

"And where is your interesting invalid, madam?"

The dog lay on a cushion at the feet of the Countess, and the doctor prepared to take a diagnosis of the disease. First ungloving his right hand, he caressed his patient till his confidence was won, then examined his tongue, felt his pulse, tried the pressure of his loins, and, with ear lowered to the dog's head, observed his breathings.

"Madam! the case is serious!"

"Oh, doctor! try, at least, what medicine can do for him. I so love that little creature!"

"But, madam! the complaint is more a moral than a physical one, I fear. Will madam allow me to ask if she has another favorite, at present?"

"No other dog in the world! No pet whatever, except the parrot in the cage, yonder—a feathered favorite with which my spaniel has nothing to do.

"And does the dog see you feed the parrot?"

"Of course, but it is only nuts and fruit that I give to the bird, and the dog, of course, eats meat."

"Ah, but, madam, dogs have hearts, and wish to be exclusively loved; and yours, madam, allow me to assure you, is *dying of jealousy.*"

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain, madam! I see it by the way he steals an unwilling look at the bird, then sighs and drops his head. You observe, by the other symptoms, that the liver, the seat of jealousy, is attacked. From the torpid action of the remaining organs he is now getting feverish and jaundiced. Unless there is an immediate change in the action, he will die in a week."

"But how—pray tell me how to produce the change."

"First, and that speedily, remove the bird! Then, madam, have no absences for which the dog cannot account. Other corroborative treatment, of course, such as light nourishment, fresh air and exercise; but, above all, expulsion of the parrot, beyond sight, smell, or hearing!"

The doctor rose, and drew on his gloves, received with gracious courtesy the gold coin which paid him for his visit, and bowed himself out.

Following his advice most implicitly, the Countess saved her dog.

LOST EDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have wandered back to-day
To Childhood's lovely bowers!
Pale Memory led me to the gate,
Enwound with crimson flowers.

Oh, dare I enter? Would it not
Be wiser to forego
This draught of Joy's delicious wine,
Then drain its dregs of woe?

I cannot stop. I hear the bells
Of merry laughter ringing,
And on the pear trees straight and tall,
I hear the linnet singing.

A taste of spice is in the air,
The sky is blue and free;
The red-bird like an autumn leaf
Sways on the maple tree.

The trefoil bright as sunset glows
All o'er the meadow's face:
And golden blooms and snow-flowers shine,
Like stars in Even's vase.

Beneath the vine-leaves green and broad,
Gay children dance and sing:
With Happiness, their playmate fair,
A prisoner in the ring.

And in the brook their tiny boats
They launch with careful hand,
And wade out in the stream to push
The fairy barks from land.

Oh, angel bowers! Oh, Eden blest!
In all the coming years
Must I an exile from thy shores
Look back through blinding tears?

Shall Youth no more my playmate be
In the fields of new-mown hay?
Shall I no more with my sister sweet
Pick violets in May?

Pittsburg, Pa. E. A. M.

THE EBONY CASKET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNESS.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

Three years were gone. I sat alone in my little chamber overlooking the Rhine. The blue smoke lazily curled from the chimneys of the cottages, and hung in a light silvery cloud over the green vineyards.

It was an English evening. The purplish tint of the clouds in the west reminded me of an English sunset, and back forthwith flew my thoughts to England and to years long past. I looked round at the quaint furniture in my room, glanced at the red roofs of the village, and the old tower upon the hill staring down in "all the blank significance of less," listened to the sound of the viol, and the cheery laugh of the peasants dancing on the green below, and so natural and homelike did it all appear to me now, that I could not realize that only three years had passed since I left Hairstone Hall.

Three years of anxious watching and ceaseless care they had been to me. Of that I need not speak now; it is enough to say that my care and nursing had been in vain. My brother had gone where there is no more sorrow nor pain, to that land "where an enemy never enters, and from which a friend never went away."

My thoughts, as I have said, went back to England and to Hairstone Hall, and I remembered, with an uneasy twinge of conscience that I had not remembered it sooner, that it was now October, the very time fixed for Margaret to make her decision. How that decision would be made I well knew. She at least had her Life's path marked out in sunshine; she loved, and was beloved. The thought occurred to me that I also ought to be present on the decisive day. I wondered if Margaret would think of it and write for me. I would like to go, I thought; it would be one bright day at least in my cloudy life to see my darling happy.

But was this happiness so secure? The question flashed on me as I remembered a certain indefinable shadow in her last letters, which had affected me unpleasantly while reading them, though occupied by my own sorrows I had not dwelt upon it long. Rising, I brought from my escritoire a package of letters which I had received since leaving Hairstone Hall. I glanced over them all. There were childlike notes from Amy, full of extravagant protestations of affection and remembrance. Margaret's were more quiet in tone—she had never failed to write; humble, simple letters they were all, about Gilbert and Amy and Mrs. Vicars; the tenants, too, none were forgotten—yet never by any chance mentioning herself. There were some written to me when my brother died, (she wrote often then,) which brought the quick tears to my eyes. Most of all she always talked of Amy, how beautiful she was, and how beloved; it amused me to see how she recollected every little homage paid to the child's beauty or winning ways. Amy herself had ceased to write to me. Of Gilbert, Margaret spoke more seldom, and then it was to tell of his success in the university. But a duller eye than mine could read in the few words how entirely he filled the world for her; how "Gilbert" was the end, the aim of all her fears and hopes; with how lowly a sense of thankfulness she accepted the love he bestowed on her, as a blessing so far beyond her merit, that she scarcely dared to claim it as her own. The letters written in the spring of the year not yet past, were different from any others. Gilbert was at home, and for the first time Margaret's life seemed to have blossomed into a full luxuriance of joy and hopeful trust. Gilbert was with her, and, I gathered from each chance expression, was all love and devotion. There were but few letters after these. He returned to the university, but would be at the Hall in October. Yet through these latter letters there breathed a strange air of restraint I had never marked before; a constant effort it appeared to me to write cheerfully under the weight of some sharp poignant sorrow. Could Gilbert's affection to her be wavering? At the thought I felt my blood rush quicker in an angry flow through my veins. But no, many unconscious expressions showed her trust in him was unaltered. I read the letters carefully over. There was no clue to define the dread which seemed to overshadow her. It might perhaps be but some causeless melancholy. Margaret was always gloomy, even when a child, and the near approach of the day which was to change her whole fate, though it confirmed her happiness, would naturally make her thoughtful.

I sat with the letter still open in my hand, when the little Gretchen opened the door, and putting in her rosy face announced a gentleman to see madame. I looked over her shoulder and saw a tall figure in the background. It came hastily forward, and stood facing the light. I could not be mistaken—the same lithe, agile figure, fair face, and frank, free gesture.

"Gilbert? Mr. Hairstone?" I said, hesitatingly.

"Gilbert—always to you, Aunt Courtney," he said.

"Aunt Courtney." The children used to call me so.

He lifted my hand to his lips in the old boyish way, and sat down on my easy-chair with the quick genial air of long ago. I was touched, gratified, and hurrying away my letters sat down.

"I have come for you to carry you away," he said—"a hasty warning, I know, but you must come. I was in Paris when I received Margaret's letter bidding me call for you on my way home. The fatal day approaches," he added, with a light laugh, "when Margaret is to make her decision."

"You have not many fears of the result?" I said.

He laughed again.

"No, Margaret has been faithful enough to her uncle's will. Duty and inclination with her go hand in hand."

"Your lot is a fortunate one, Mr. Hairstone, (in spite of all his frankness I could not call him Gilbert.) You enter into the possession of one of the finest estates in England, and obtain one of the most loveable wives at the same time."

"You are mistaken," he said dryly, "I am not yet to be put in possession of the Hall, although I have reached my majority. Some tedious form of the law requires a year's delay."

A dark shadow passed over his face for an instant, giving it the expression of extreme age. It was gone like a flash; but I remembered how often I had noticed the same peculiarity long ago. The evening passed swiftly by. I have never met with a more brilliant or fascinating companion than Gilbert Hairstone. With a magical intuition he seemed to comprehend the peculiarities of character of every one, and so adapt himself instantaneously to them. He possessed the grand secret of pleasing, the art of making others pleased with themselves.

I found my arrangements could be so made as to enable me to accompany him to England the next day. One day's travelling, says the old proverb, develops character more than a year's friendship. Most untrue proved the proverb in this instance; for when we reached the end of our journey, I was more at a loss to comprehend the character of my companion than when we started. It seemed almost sacrilege to doubt the frank generous nature of the man, yet at times an unruly word, a half seen look would make me doubt all, and feel that it was but a consummate actor which I saw before me, who would throw off his mask presently and stand forward in his true character.

We arrived the day before we were expected, late in the evening. The carriage drove through the long avenue of forest trees, and stopped in front of the chief entrance to the Hall.

"Margaret! they have come; they have come," called a clear, silvery voice, as a fairy figure in white came bounding through the shrubbery.

I cannot describe Amy as I saw her then. When I try to recall her, I have only a vision of something white and radiant, of waving golden ringlets, and flashing blue eyes. Yet, light and lovely and warm as was the form that sprang to me, I looked beyond it to another, which followed, I noticed then, with a strangely hesitating step. Could that be Margaret? The ungainly form had grown soft and rounded; the sallow face had changed to a delicate wax-like fairness; the auburn ringlets lay coiled in waving folds around the small, classic head. Yet Margaret was not even now a brilliantly, beautiful woman. Over the slightly stooping figure, and the pale, delicate features there reigned a meek submissive air of humility, that seemed to implore pity rather than to challenge admiration.

"Child Margaret!" I whispered involuntarily, as I clasped her in my arms. The half-pitying appellation of her infancy seemed to suit her still. She placed her fingers on my hair, and ran them lightly over my face—then turned to meet Gilbert. I watched, with a smile, the rose flush mount into her pale cheeks, and tinge even her forehead, as he came near. Then I went with Amy into the drawing-room to meet Mrs. Vicars. She was a short, clumsy little woman, always dressed in brown satin, and talking in whispers. I disliked her from the first. Yet she was always kind to Margaret, I believe.

As the evening passed, I relapsed into my old habit of quiet observation; something I could not define; threw a restraint over us all. Mrs. Vicars sat silent, working at her eternal Berlin wool. Margaret was by me, eagerly listening to my history of the last three years. Amy, apparently forgetful of us all, sat idly touching her harp strings. Gilbert, of course, was beside his betrothed. One thing surprised me. She showed no confusion when he addressed her—none of the shyness which I had looked for; nor was her manner that of one so assured of her own affection, and that of her betrothed, that farther concealment was unnecessary. She received every look or word from him with a strangely hopeless, wistful look, that was to me inexplicable. That she loved him, I did not for an instant doubt. At the slightest word he uttered, her color rose, and then faded as suddenly, leaving the sharp expression of pain on her face. Gilbert seemed entirely unconscious of this, or if he noticed it, ascribed it to timidity. One time particularly, I remember.

In passing through the rooms, as Margaret and Amy were showing me the alterations that had been made, we entered the library. The sun was setting behind a heavy bank of clouds. It was the very spot, and the scene was the same as that of three years before. One actor was wanting. Margaret seemed to read my thoughts.

"Philip," she said, "will be here to-morrow."

I looked at Gilbert. Again the ghastly shadow on his face. It was gone instantly.

"Philip has done well," he said, in a cordial tone; "he has struggled manfully, and has refused assistance."

"Assistance," said Margaret, warmly, "which Gilbert has offered again and again."

Gilbert made a faint deprecatory motion of his hand.

"Mrs. Courtney ought to know it," said Amy. "As Mr. Crofts would say, the public think it a most magnanimous act, and as for Margaret—" She laughed. And I glanced at Margaret. Again the sad, hopeless smile; again the quick, uncertain movement of the hand, as if to repel some threatened danger. "We have never seen Philip Stamford," pursued Amy, "since my uncle's death. To-morrow he will be here."

We left the library as she said this.

"Look! Mrs. Courtney," said Gilbert, "at this conservatory. Do you see those crimson roses falling over the marble vases, and the purple campanulas? That is Margaret's taste. Is it not exquisite? She and I planned it all in May. By November, dearest, the flowers will be faded, I fear, but I shall find enough of rose-buds on our wedding-day, to crown my saintly queen.

I caught this last whispered sentence, and glanced at Margaret.

Oh, perverse, discontented heart! what meant that wan smile, that weary groping hand?

"You are pale, Margaret; come out with me into the open air. Let us walk under the chestnut trees."

"Yes," she answered eagerly; "once more, Gilbert, once more."

I watched them as they passed slowly down the avenue; she with that strangely hesitating step and wistful eyes, he treading firmly at her side, the last rays of the sun flashing on his white forehead; now and then he looked down at her to ask her advice about some alterations in the grounds, which he was pointing out. She spoke but seldom; but her cheek grew paler and paler, and after they returned she continued silent until we parted for the night.

I wakened the next morning early, while the rose had scarcely tinged the gray dawn. The sound of music, which had roused me, grew more distinct, and I recognized one of Schubert's songs, a favorite of mine many years ago. She remembered it, then! remembered that it was my favorite, and remembered too my old fancy for being awakened by music.

The foolish child, Margaret! But as I thought this, the sudden tears rolled down my withered cheeks. Well, it was idle enough, but it was not often that my fancies were thus humored. Margaret came in, and came to the side of the bed.

"Tears, aunt Courtney!" she said in a laughing voice, though it trembled a little too as she passed her hand lightly over my face, and stooped and kissed me. She drew out a low foot-stool, and sat down by the window, and while I made my toilet told me of all the little home news which I had not yet heard. The day was one of brilliant sunshine, and until evening the house was filled by a crowd of visitors; yet amid the confusion I kept a strict watch on Gilbert and his betrothed. His manner towards her, as towards every one else, was confident and frank, as became an acknowledged lover. Hers was as singular as on the evening before. Towards strangers her simple humility and her reserve gave her manner a charm that I never had seen surpassed. She sat quietly in one end of the drawing-room, only leaving her seat when Mrs. Vicars called to her; her gentle smile was always ready to welcome each new comer. Only when the cheering tones of Gilbert's voice was heard, I saw the sudden pallor on her cheek, and the wan wistful gaze. As evening approached we were left alone, and gathered around the fire in the music room. Margaret entered last. I saw her hesitate a moment, and then crossing the room quickly, throw herself down on a heap of cushions near Gilbert's feet. The action was sudden, and seemed to surprise even him. Her timid shyness was all gone; with a feverish sort of wild gayety she entered into the conversation, replied to Amy's brilliant sallies, and laughed now and then in a low tone that startled and frightened me.

The clock struck midnight ere we rose to retire.

"Do not go," she said hurriedly. "It is the last night, aunt Courtney. Come, Gilbert, let us sing together." She sprang up and seated herself at the harp. Gilbert joined her; their voices chorded exquisitely; song followed song, all brilliant and joyous, while the hectic flush mounted higher and brighter on her cheek.

"It is past midnight," said Mrs. Vicars, pointing to Amy, whose bright blue eyes were growing heavy.

"One more song," pleaded Gilbert, "our old English ballad, 'The morning that soon will dawn,'" stooping as he spoke and adding a whispered word in her ear. The flush was gone from her cheek. Again the wild imploring look like a hunted deer at bay, and the strange, quick motion of the hand! Then she bent over the harp and touched a few discordant notes, and then instead of the joyous, buoyant song we waited for, her voice rose with a thrilling clearness in the deepening pathos of Beethoven's "Good night." Something in the tones startled even Mrs. Vicars, when suddenly her voice faltered, her hand clasped the strings with a harsh discord, and her head sank forward on her breast. Whatever was the effort she was making it had proved too much for her strength. The swoon was long and deep; when her consciousness returned I made them carry her to my own chamber, and leave me alone with her. She lay weak and sobbing like a hurt child, and like a child I soothed and caressed her. The poor motherless girl! What strange pain could have so withered her young heart as to cause the heavy apathy with which her head sank on my shoulder, and the pitiful pleading look in her wandering eyes?

"Margaret," I whispered, "what is it that pains you? Can it be that this marriage is hateful to you?" Her heart bounded as if suddenly struck; she raised herself, and stood before me white and still. "You are still free," I said. "Do you not love Gilbert Hairstone?"

"Love him!" she said in a husky, unnatural voice. "He never can doubt that, never! It is because I love him as I do that I will go from him, that I will make my life a living death. Oh! aunt Courtney," she said, suddenly catching my arm, "must I do it? Is there no other way, no hope without this?"

I was frightened at her violence. "Child Margaret," I said soothingly. She grew calm, and raising her head, turned her face toward the blue sky and the cool air from the open window. So she sat for a long time silent. I fancied that there slowly gathered in the pale face a peculiar light and meaning. At last she turned, and said quietly:

"Aunt Courtney, do you remember the curse of the Hairstones? The weak heart and the faltering hand." She paused a moment, then rising, drew her mantle around her, and stooped to kiss me on the forehead. "Good-night," she said calmly, "my heart shall not be weak, nor my hand falter," and so went out of the room with a firm step.

The next morning was dark and gusty—I rose late, and descending to the library, stood by the window watching the heavy clouds which a fierce wind drove rapidly over the sky, giving place now and then to a brilliant flash of sunlight. Gilbert came up the lawn, singing to himself, and entered the room.

"Where is Margaret?" was his first greeting: "she has not been visible this morning. I fear the little excitement of to-day will increase her illness. Have you seen Philip Stamford yet?" he went on hurriedly. "He came yesterday, but only saw my cousins, I believe. Ah, Margaret!" He sprang forward and caught her hand.

I had never seen her look so beautiful. The soft, rich folds of her crimson dress threw a faint flush upon her colorless cheeks. The meek head was slightly bowed, while a passing ray of sunlight rested like a halo on the crown of auburn ringlets.

"The morning has dawned, Margery," exclaimed Gilbert, "despite your sad song of good-night."

"It has not dawned for me," she said, with the old sudden motion of her hand.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, impatiently, "why do you persist in this strange whim? Are pale cheeks and hopeless sighs the most cheering greetings you can give to the day that makes you mine? Is this a sign of the happiness with which I had hoped your heart was filled, as well as mine? In another hour you will acknowledge me as your betrothed, before the witnesses appointed by my uncle's will. Do you intend," he added, trying to conceal his anger beneath a jesting tone, "do you intend, Margery, to come like a sacrifice to the altar, and win pity as well as admiration?"

She drew away from him, and steadied herself against the marble pillar on which she leaned.

"Margaret!"

"Hush!" she said, in a husky whisper. "Wait one moment." She grew a little paler than before; her thin fingers interlaced nervously; then in a low, quiet voice, she said, "I wished to see you, Gilbert, before the others come. I wish to tell you here alone—that I can never be your wife. Do not speak." Her low tones, in their even flow, stopped the passionate exclamation of the young man. He stood in astonished silence looking at her. "Never, Gilbert. And that being so, it is better that we part to-day, and forever. I wish to ask of you but one thing—never, whatever you may think of what I do, never doubt that I loved you."

He found voice now.

"Margaret, you are mad." He caught her hands. She drew them quickly away, and locked them in the same convulsive clasp. He stooped down. What wild, passionate words he uttered, I know not. Twice she tried to speak, but in vain. Yet even as he spoke, I thought that the purple flush on his face, the swollen veins in his forehead, told more of anger than of hurt affection. Why did she not see it? Why could she not she the intense selfishness of the man breaking out in this hour of trial? She stood, her head humbly bent, while the storm of bitter reproaches poured down on her. At last, in the same low, unnatural voice, she said,

"My own heart, Gilbert, has said more than you can do. It is because I have loved you as I did, that I do this, that I go to day out from the warm sunshine at your side, that I put away your hand from me, and stand here alone. How cold and dark it is for me you never can know."

"You never loved me," he broke forth—"your love was a vain, shallow pretence, or you would not now so sting and wound me in the eyes of the world."

"Gilbert!"—the low voice broke into a passionate cry—"you doubt me even now, even now. What these last few weeks have been to me, you cannot know. How I have looked out into the dark night, and doubted if there could be a God of mercy there; how I have longed to take my broken, ruined life, and throw it back in the face of Him who gave it, and tell Him it was a cheat, a lie! How I have prayed for death, for anything, to save me from this hour. Spare me, Gilbert—the struggle was bitter enough, without one blow from you." She turned and went toward him, with quick, uncertain steps. "Take my hand, Gilbert, and take it kindly, it is for the last time."

He did not touch it, but stood immovable, his face white with rage.

She turned silently away, and with the groping motion of the hand, passed slowly from the room. I did not follow her. Whatever might be the cause of the sacrifice she was about to make, I felt that she would best conquer herself alone.

The hour passed slowly. When I entered the library again, I found that they had waited for me. Mr. Crofts, thin and pompous as ever, occupied his accustomed seat by the table. Before him lay the papers of the wedding settlement. Amy was idly arranging some flowers. Gilbert paced rapidly through the room, with fierce, angry strides, apparently unconscious of our presence. By the window stood another figure, at which I looked for a moment, doubtingly.

"Philip?" I asked.

He came forward with outstretched hand, and then turned with some simple greeting to meet Margaret, who entered at that moment. Yet even in the commonplace, ordinary welcome, there was a something so gentle and even tender in its pity, that Margaret's firm step faltered, for her step was firm now. All trace of feeling was gone, or had been conquered, only a slight, irrepressible quiver of the lip told how terrible had been the struggle through which she had nerved herself for the present hour. Even in that moment of agitation, I was startled by the likeness between her face and Philip Stamford's. Not in the outward cast of features; the resemblance lay deeper; I looked at her wan, thin face, and then at his, at the broad, massive brow, already deeply furrowed, at the clear eyes, from which an unconquered will looked calmly out on the world, and then at the pure, delicately chiselled lips, and I felt that both faces bore the same stamp, both told the tale that part of Life's battle had been fought and won; part of the cup of pain had been drunk, and the soul had grown stronger for the draught.

"Ah," said Mr. Crofts, "how pleasant is this reassembling of old friends together. We should be grateful to the strange conditions of our lamented friend's will, that it perforce has caused this happy union."

He paused, and after a short silence, broken only by the rustle of his papers, he continued,

"It is useless, I presume, to read the terms of Mr. Hairstone's will. It only remains that we complete the marriage settlements, and that the witnesses here assembled place their names thereto. Miss Loworth's intentions," he added, smiling significantly, "are too well known to render it necessary for her formally to declare them."

She looked up now.

"The marriage settlements are unnecessary, Mr. Crofts," she said, in a low tone that never faltered. "I decline to fulfill the contract with my cousin, Gilbert Hairstone."

Mr. Crofts dropped his pen in astonishment. Amid the general outbreak of exclamations I heard a smothered sigh from Philip, who stood near me, but his face was calm and still as ever.

"Do I understand this to be your final decision?" asked the lawyer, after an embarrassed pause.

She bowed assent.

He looked in perplexity at the group of faces around him, on each of which were marks of agitation save on hers.

"Your announcement of your determination, Miss Loworth, permit me to say," he said, after another silence, "is certainly unexpected. You are aware that the opinion of the public—my own, in fact, has been that an attachment subsisted between your cousin and yourself."

"You have been right, sir," she answered steadily.

Gilbert stood near her, his keen, gray eye following every movement of her face, but she seemed strangely unmoved by his scrutiny.

"Your failure to keep this engagement," continued Mr. Crofts, "involves, you are aware, your sacrifice of your portion of the estate, and leaves you dependent solely upon the small annuity left by your mother."

"I am aware of it."

Mr. Crofts rose in awkward constraint.

"Nothing then remains to be done," he said, hesitatingly, "if your decision is irrevocable."

"Nothing," said Margaret, in a clearer voice than before, "except to give a reason for my refusal." There was a breathless silence as she continued. "It is not," she said, turning to Gilbert, "it is not, I wish every one here to know, because I doubt the affection of my cousin for me, nor the truth of my own. I believe that did he know the obstacle that has so suddenly arisen between us, his noble heart would yet have urged him to take me as his wife. But I, knowing his peculiar character—his ambition, his love for the beautiful, and his disgust for whatever is painful or repulsive, knew that if he made this sacrifice, I should have in time become hateful to him." She faltered now, but only for a moment. "I should have been a curse instead of a blessing; and I never shall so test his love."

"Margaret." He came to her and took her hand; the pitiful, childlike smile upon her face, touched even him. "Margaret, what is this mystery, at which you hint?"

"You do not know it then?" she said, with the dim wistful gaze, passing her hand lightly over her face; "it is because you see me so constantly. Philip knew it the instant he saw me."

The old shadow on Gilbert's face again. She put her hand on his arm, and turned her face towards the light.

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried Amy, clinging round her.

The glaring sunlight flashed out and shone pitilessly into the dark, tender eyes. They never fluttered, but looked out with the same dim, changeless, pitiful gaze.

"Blind!" almost shrieked Gilbert; shaking off her hand with an involuntary gesture of horror and disgust.

Her hands fell clasping together, her head bent meekly on her breast. She stood silent, motionless; yet I knew by her face that amid the outcries of terror, and pity, and love, she heard but one sound—the noise of his departing footsteps, as he rushed away from her and when she could hear them no longer—heedless of all else, she slowly left the room, her groping hand outstretched, and her sightless eyes closed.

Philip Stamford, too, had seen that last look upon her face; and as he turned away, I heard him mutter also, "Blind! blind!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISTAKES OF TRANSLATORS.

We find the following in a little English miscellany volume of "Wit and Humor:"

The French as a nation have been rather distinguished by their neglect and contempt of all languages save their own; and among those who have mistranslated foreign idioms and misspelt foreign words, their travellers deserve a pre-eminent post. One Monsieur Grosley, who wrote about the beginning of the reign of George III., committed a most amusing variety of mistakes of both these kinds. He told the good people of Paris, on the authority of M. Condamine, a valuable correspondent, that the boys in London, would sometimes call a Frenchman *son babitch* (we will not correct the orthography;) that the orator of the House of Commons was called *Le Spik*, (Speaker;) and that when members would claim attention to what was said in debate, they shouted *ya! ya!*

The same ingenious writer called our pugilistic combats "Le Boxk." Everybody, he says, knows the passion of all classes and conditions of the English for the Boxk; and he adds, "The Boxk is an indispensable part of a gentleman's education—fathers and mothers make their children fight in their presence; the *professors* do the same in all schools and colleges, and *Boxkeurs* begin by *butting with their heads, like rams.*" The extravagant amateurs (*les amateurs outrés*) of horse racing, we are informed, are called "Black-legs," from the color of their boots, *which they never take off.* The "Bond Street loungers" are said to derive the name from a light repast in the middle of the day, which they take in the eating-houses, and which is called a *lounge.* The patriots of England, according to another accomplished French tourist, are called *Wiggins*, from the Isle of Wiggh, where all runaway matches are made. But this is less amusing than the felicitous accuracy of a Parisian journalist, who translates the title of our newspaper, the *Independent Whig*, by "*La Perruque Independante*"—the Independent *Wig!*

Monsieur B. Bouchitte, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehm, gives a list of his numerous works, among which he sets down as one, "Reflections on Isaiah's boots." Now these said reflections were applied by Boehm to a theological and controversial treatise, written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English *boot*, French *botte*, and hence, with the help of a little blundering came M. Bouchitte's "*Reflections sur les bottes d' Isaie.*"

The French translator of one of Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted cheese, "a Welsh rabbit," rendered it literally by "*un lapin du pays de Galles*," or a rabbit of Wales, and then told his readers, in a note, that the *lapins*, or rabbits of Wales, have a very superior flavor, which makes them be in great request in England.

The writer of the Neapolitan Government paper, *Il Giornale delle due Sicile*, was more ingenious. He was translating from some English newspaper the account of a man who had killed his wife, by striking her with a poker, and at the end of his story, the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said:—"*Non sappiamo per certo se questo pokero Inglese, sia uno strumento domestico o bensi chirurgico*"—(We are not quite certain whether this English poker—*pokero*—be a domestic or surgical instrument.)

During the last war, an English newspaper told its readers that the whole army of the Archduke Charles was "on horseback, upon the Danube." The reporter of this startling news had been translating from the *Moniteur*, and did not happen to know the value of a common French military idiom—*etre a cheval*, "to be on both sides of," and signifying, in this instance, that a part of the Archduke's army was on the left and part on the right bank of the Danube.

"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."—Krouser and Van Tagen were two respectable citizens of Amsterdam, the former of whom had a marriageable daughter, and the latter a son, who had an ardent wish to be her husband. But old Krouser said the son of his friend was not rich enough to enter his family, and old Van Tagen was mad thereat, when the retort was brought him by an officious friend.

"Save me from Hutzen!" exclaimed he, "if I do not steal a march on my old friend Krouser!"

He concealed his wrath, and went and called on Krouser, whom he engaged to furnish, within thirty days, one million Zuyder Zee herrings. He then went and bought all the herrings the city and suburbs contained, and twenty days thereafter he received a letter from Krouser, who was in the wildest despair, announcing that he never should be able to keep his agreement, as he could not find a herring for sale, and offering fifty thousand guilders to be released from his contract.

"I have him!" said Van Tagen, and he wrote his acceptance of the offer.

A few days after, Van Tagen was in greater despair than even Krouser had ever been. He couldn't obtain a single barrel in which to pack his million of herrings. On making full investigation of this circumstance, he found that Krouser had purchased all the barrels, and realized that it was a case of "diamond cut diamond." He soon went to see his fellow merchant.

"You gave me fifty thousand guilders," he said, "to release you from that contract. I'll now give you the fifty thousand guilders back again, in the shape of an advance on your barrels, and we will call ourselves quits."

This was accordingly done, and the affair had strengthened the mutual admiration of the twain to such a point that they were both eager for the marriage of the young people, whose happiness ensured that of their parents.

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PACIFIC RUMORS AGAIN—ADVANCE IN COTTON—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS, &c.

The Canada at Boston, brings Liverpool advices to the 12th—one week later.

The aspect of Continental affairs had changed somewhat since the previous advices, pacific rumors having predominated, although the same uncertainty still continued, having a fluctuating tendency on funds. The Liverpool cotton market had been aided materially by the peaceful rumors, and an advance in the prices is reported.

The latest advices, however, were warlike.

Notwithstanding the peaceful sentiments uttered by the Emperor of France and Count de Morny, warlike preparations were continued on a large scale.

The Sardinian Chamber of Deputies had voted a new loan of fifty millions of francs. Count Cavour explained that this loan was designed for the purpose of preparing a defence against the threatening attitude of Austria. Count Cavour's speech respecting it says, "our policy has been at all times national, and never of a revolutionary character. Austria has lately taken a menacing attitude towards us. She has increased her military force, and has collected very large forces on our frontier. Therefore a necessity arises for us to look for means for defence. Our policy is not defiant. We will not excite war, neither will we lower the voice when Austria arms herself and threatens us."

Military movements were still continued in Austria.

Mr. Dallas, the United States Minister, had given a dinner to Lord Lyons.

It is reported that Archbishop Cullen will be made Cardinal, to reside at Rome.

LONDON, Saturday.—The London *News'* City Article says that pacific assurances in every quarter are neutralized by the warlike preparations on the Continent.

The *News* says an extensive system of fortification had received the sanction of the English government. The plan consists in the erection of fortifications at intervals along the sea shore.

The most noticeable feature of the speech of the Queen at the opening of the British Parliament, was the emphatic manner in which her Majesty read the paragraph relating to the necessity of reconstructing the navy, owing to the extension of steam power, and of maintaining the maritime power of this country.

The *London Star* understands that Mr. Cobden will shortly pay a visit to the United States.

The London Times' correspondent says the allusions to peace in Count de Morny's speech to the French Legislative Corps, was received with reiterated cheers.

The number of ships of war in commission, at French ports was 200.

There was a great diversity of opinion, and it was believed that hostilities will commence before the end of the year.

Six floating batteries are to be constructed in French ports, to be navigable as ships.

It was said that Austria has consented to withdraw from the Roman States, on condition that France will do the same.

It was stated that the Russian army will shortly be concentrated on the Austra Gallician frontier, and that the tone of the Russian Journals towards Austria is daily becoming more severe.

It was reported that the population of Herat, Persia, had expelled the English Commissioner.

SPAIN.—In the lower Chambers the question was asked if the Government knew anything of the bill presented in the United States Congress, relative to the purchase of Cuba, and if it would communicate any correspondence with England on the subject.

The Minister of Finance replied that he could not answer without consulting his colleagues.

THE MASSACRE AT JEDDAH.—*Joddah, Jan.* 13.—Two of the principal ringleaders in the massacre of the Christians, the chief of the police and the chief of the Agramonts, have been condemned to death, and were executed yesterday. The Camakan and the others accused, have been sent to Constantinople, where their fate will be decided upon.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.—The session of the French Legislature was opened on the 7th inst., with an important speech from the Emperor.

The Emperor, referring to the existing agitation, stated that it was excited without any apparent and imminent danger, and after expressing regret at the disquietude, and pointing to his peaceful policy as a proof of his moderation, he proceeded to speak as follows:—

"To-day it is my duty to explain again (what you appear to have forgotten,) what have ever been my feelings—to re-assure Europe—to restore France to her true rank among nations—to cement closely an alliance with England, and to regulate with the Continental powers the extent of our relations according to and in conformity with our views. And the relation towards France was in that spirit, that on the eve of my third election, I made at Bordeaux the declaration '*The Empire is peace*,' anxious to prove by that expression that although the heir of Napoleon I. had ascended the throne, he would inaugurate a system which could only be disturbed for the purpose of defending great national interests.

"With respect to the alliance with England, I have used all my perseverence to consolidate it, and have found a happy reciprocation of sentiment on the part of the Queen, and of statesmen of every shade of opinion. Also, to attain that end, so valuable to the peace of the world, have I thrown aside all opportunities of reviving an irritating remembrance of the past—the calumnious attacks dictated by prejudice and even by the natural antipathies of my own country. This alliance has borne its fruits. Not only have we acquired together a lasting glory in the East, but at the extremity of the world, we have just opened an immense Empire to the progress of civilization and the Christian religion." He says the relations with Europe have assumed the frankest cordiality. The relations with Prussia have never ceased to be animated by mutual good will. "The Cabinets of Vienna and France, on the contrary, I speak it with regret, have disagreed upon important questions, and it required the most conciliatory spirit to succeed in arranging them. For instance the reconstruction of the Principalities was not completed without many difficulties. Were I asked what interest France has in those distant countries, I should reply that the interest of France is everywhere where there is just cause and where civilization ought to be made to prevail. In this state of things it is nothing extraordinary that France should draw closer to Piedmont, which has proved herself so devoted during war and so faithful to our policy during peace.

"The marriage of my well beloved cousin had no hidden meaning, but was the natural consequence of the community of interests of the two countries, and the friendship of their sovereigns.

"For some time the state of Italy and her abnormal position, where order cannot be obtained except by foreign troops, gives just cause for anxiety to diplomacy. This, however, is not a sufficient motive to give rise to the belief in war. Some may invoke it with all their heart, without legitimate reason. Others may, in their exaggerated fears, endeavor to show to France the dangers of a coalition. I shall remain firm and invulnerable in the path of right, and justice, and national honor. And my Government will not allow itself to be either led away or intimidated, because my policy will never be either provocative or pusillanimous. Far be from us, then, these unjust suspicions, these interested apprehensions. Peace, I hope, will not be disturbed.

"Resume the calmly usual course of your labors.

"I have frankly explained the state of our foreign relations, and this explanation corresponds with all I have made known during the last two months. Both at home and abroad you will find my policy has never ceased to be firm but conciliatory. Therefore, I confidently rely on your support, as well as upon that of the nation that has entrusted its fate to me. 'Tis well known that never shall personal interest or a party ambition guide my actions. When supported by popular sentiments, we ascend a throne and acquire so grave a responsibility, we rise far above that infamous region where vulgar interests are debated, and the first motives of our actions, as the last, judges God, conscience and posterity."

The effect of the speech was unfavorable notwithstanding its pacific nature.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 11.—Cotton has advanced ¼d to 3-16d—market closing firm.

Breadstuffs are dull, with a declining tendency. Provisions generally firm. Pork firm at full prices. Bacon quiet.

Sutterthwaite's Circular says the imminence of the Continental troubles had stimulated investments in current United States Stocks, and in the best class of American Railway Bonds.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.—At the recent meeting of the National Convention of Sunday-School Teachers, the following resolution was offered:—

Resolved, That we recommend the establishment, by private subscription, of local depositories of Sunday school publications.

During the discussion of the resolution in regard to the local depositories of Sunday-school publications, the Rev. Dr. Nevin condemned the works issued by the American Sunday-School Union, as containing to much secular, and not sufficient religious matter. The books in his Sunday-school treated of botany, geology, mineralogy, and astronomy, but contained scarcely anything to impart religious instruction.

Mr. Smith, of West Chester, approved of the views of Dr. Nevin, and thought that many of the publications of the Union did the Sunday-school cause more harm than good. They were not of a higher moral character than the works of Miss Edgeworth, and were destitute of a religious influence. Some of the books issued he would not permit his children to read. The speaker was frequently called to order during his remarks.

The Rev. Mr. Westbrook defended the American Sunday-School Union. They were not book-writers, but *book-makers*, or printers, and if the publications contained improper sentiments it was the fault of the writers, and not of the publishers. If Dr. Nevin and others are dissatisfied, let them write works whose merit will commend them to publication by the Union. Then they would have no cause to complain, and would be well paid for their trouble. [Applause.]

The Rev. Dr. Bomberger commended the publications of the Union. He believed they had done, and are now doing a vast amount of good. The complaint that the works treated of botany, geology and astronomy, was not well founded. Did not God make the flowers and give them loveliness and sweet perfume? Did He not form the earth, and endow it with beauties for the sustenance and enjoyment of man? Did He not make the firmament and fill it with myriads of twinkling stars? How could it be wrong to impress upon our children the greatness of the power of God, and the infinite beauty and variety of His creations? It could not be, and he was sorry to see the usefulness and efficiency of this Society attacked by those who should be its friends.

The remarks of the reverend gentleman were received with hearty applause, after which the subject was dropped, and the resolution adopted.

☞ "The Professor" in the Atlantic Monthly says, we shall probably never have the least idea of the enormous number of impressions which pass through our consciousness, until in some future life we see the photographic records of our thoughts and the stereoscopic pictures of our actions.

☞ COINCIDENCE.—The Salem Register says: It is not a little remarkable that the gentleman (Mr. Kirk) who is designated as the writer who will probably complete Mr. Prescott's unfinished work, bears the name (John Foster) of the college student who unintentionally inflicted the injury on Mr. P.'s eye.

☞ What flower do you prefer? Who is your favorite English poet? and in what period of the world, other than the present, would you prefer to have lived?

☞ The origin of Pennsylvania is thus given by an old epigrammatist:

Penn refused to take his hat off
Before the King, and therefore sat off
Some other country to light pat on
Where he might worship with his hat on!

☞ Persons who are too shy and awkward to take their due part in the bustling world, console themselves by assuming that the active and forcible qualities possessed by the real actors in life's stirring scenes, are incompatible with others which they choose to deem higher and more important.

THERE was a young woman, and what do you think?
She soaked her light dresses in chloride of zinc;
Then fire couldn't hurt her, though close she came by it,
Oh, ladies! Oh, managers! why don't you try it?

☞ Philips, the Irish orator, speaks thus feelingly of his birth-place: "There where the scenes of my childhood reminded me how innocent I was, and the graves of my fathers admonish me how pure I should continue."

☞ Rochefaucault said that the reason why lovers are so fond of one another's company is that they are always talking about themselves.

☞ Horne Tooke, characterized the House of Commons as a mass of dirt and corruption. To escape punishment for this libel, he was required, upon bended knee, to beg pardon of the House. Upon brushing the dust from the knees of his breeches, he said, "'Tis a dirty House, though!" This caused a laugh from all those around him.

☞ MENDING GOLDSMITH.—The Irish Council of Education found an objectionable passage in the "Deserted Village," in the lines—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and *whispering lovers* made."

The Educationalists could not permit anything so shocking as "whispering lovers," and they have altered the line for the youth of Ireland. It stands in the school books—

"For talking age and *social converse* made."

☞ FALLIBILITY OF DOCTORS.—Both Pearson and Clive, on one occasion, informed Tooke that he could not possibly survive beyond a single day; and—he lived years! Let me mention here what was told me by a lady at Clifton. "In my girlhood I had a very severe illness, during which I heard Dr. Turton declare to my mother in the next room, that I could not live. I immediately called out: 'But I will live, Dr. Turton!' and here I am, now sixty years old."—*Rogers.*

NEWS ITEMS.

CAPTAIN BRANNAN comes out in a card, contradicting the statement that his wife was seen at a house on the White Mountains last summer, shortly after her mysterious disappearance from Staten Island. He says a full investigation of the story has been made, and though a lady somewhat resembling Mrs. Brannan was seen at the place in question, it could not have been her. He reiterates the conviction that an outrage was committed upon her person, followed by a foul murder, and offers $1,000 reward for any definite information upon the subject. The card is signed by the lady's brother, Col. C. H. Crane.

MISS JUNIOR, who married the old negro, recently went to Indiana, and commenced proceedings for a divorce.

DR. HATCH, husband of Cora Hatch, the medium, says:—"The most damning iniquities are every where perpetrated in Spiritual circles, a very small percentage of which ever comes to public attention. I care not whether it be Spiritual or mundane, the *facts* exist, and should demand the attention and just condemnation of an intelligent community. With but little inquiry, I have been able to count up over seventy mediums, most of whom have wholly abandoned their conjugal relations, others living with their paramours called 'affinities,' others in promiscuous adultery, and still others exchanged partners. Old men and women, who have passed the meridian of life, are not unfrequently the victims of this hallucination. Many of the mediums lose all sense of moral obligations, and yield to whatever influence may for the time be brought to bear upon them. Their pledges, their integrity or their oaths, are no more reliable than the shifting breezes of the whirlwind, for they are made to yield to the powers which for a time control them."

Two letters, written by M. Montalembert, after the *coup d' etat* of December 2, and with a few weeks interval between them, have just been made public in Paris, in one of which he compares Louis Napoleon to Charlemagne, and in the other to Nero.

A DISPENSATION from the Pope was necessary to enable the marriage of the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde to be celebrated on a Sunday. His Holiness not only granted it at once, but accompanied it with his congratulations.

FROM Jules Janin's work on "Rachel and Tragedy," we learn that the great Jewess, between the 12th of June, 1837, and the 23rd of March, 1855, played 1,063 times, and that those 1,063 representations produced 4,369,129 francs 15 centimes—over $800,000.

THE hot houses of the Czar, in latitude 60 north, contain the finest collection of tropical plants in Europe. Palm trees are 60 feet in height, and there are banks of splendid orchards. The hot-houses are about a mile and a half in length.

AN IMMENSE CARGO OF COTTON.—The ship Ocean Monarch, Capt. Page, cleared at New Orleans, on the 14th inst., for Liverpool, with 7,069 bales of cotton, weighing 3,339,240 pounds, and valued at $334,012 50. A larger cargo of cotton never cleared from any port in the world before. The average weight of the bales was 458 pounds.

FAILURE.—The attempt to deepen the channel of the Mississippi at the mouth by closing some of the outlets, at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is a failure. The bar was never worse than now. A considerable fleet of vessels lie at that point, unable to get in or out of the river, and many of them hard aground.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Mrs. T. B. Atkinson, a lady residing in West Philadelphia, was recently seriously injured in a singular manner. She was coming down stairs when the heel of her shoe caught on the edge of the top step, throwing her down. She struck upon her head, injuring herself in such a manner that her recovery is considered doubtful.

AMERICA has given birth to Morphy, but his mother is a French woman, and his father a Spaniard.

THE Delaware legislature have repealed the law which prohibits the issue of notes under the denomination of five dollars.

THE MEXICAN COMPLICATION.—The rumor that all the available naval force, including the U. S. ship Vincennes, has been ordered to the Gulf, seems strengthened by a remark made by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, that this American sea, as he termed it, belongs to us, and that we willl and must exercise control over it.

The next arrival from Mexico will, it is anticipated, bring highly important intelligence in connection with the French and English fleets, and requiring a larger American naval force than heretofore in that quarter.

THE Ohio legislature has repealed the ten per cent. interest law, restoring the rate again to six per cent.

YOUNG WARD, of Louisville, whose chastisement led to the quarrel which resulted in the killing of the schoolmaster Butler, is beginning to exhibit a touch of his brother's humor. A difficulty occurred a few days ago on board the Vicksburg packet Victoria, between Ward and a Dr. Cameron, of Prentiss, Miss., during which the former drew a pistol, and fired at Cameron, the shot tearing away his upper lip.

FIVE THOUSAND shares in the stock of the Suez ship canal, representing half a million dollars, have been taken in the United States, which is nearly equal to the amount taken in England.

STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY.—According to *The Worcester Spy*, a young gent who was returning with a merry party of ladies and gentlemen from a ball at Clinton, a few nights since, jumped from his sleigh, and gave chase to what was supposed to be a rabbit running along the road. He was successful in his pursuit, but—horror of horrors!—the rabbit proved to be a skunk, and administered an overpowering dose of his celebrated perfumery upon the unfortunate youth. Of course his unfragrant presence could not be tolerated by the superfine broadcloths and silks in the sleigh, and the unlucky wight was secured to the rear of the vehicle, and thus conveyed to Worcester—a melancholy illustration of the effect of falling into bad company.

THE Mendota (Minnesota) *Press* says that two citizens of that town have recently lost their wives by elopement, and that the customary salutations in the streets instead of "How do you do, sir?" has become, "Is your wife safe this morning?"

MADAME CAVAIGNAC, the widow of the celebrated General, animated by a high chivalrous feeling, has given up the entire portion settled on her by M. Odier, her father, (200,000£) to his creditors, he having unfortunately become a bankrupt.

THE last *Westminster Review* gives the following anecdote: "A clergyman not long ago was earnestly pressing on the attention of a dying Lincolnshire boor certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favorable circumstances. 'Wut wi' faith,' was the faint response, given in the sick man's native Doric, 'wut wi' faith, and wut wi' the earth a turning round the sun, and wut wi' the railroads a fuzzin' and a wizzin', I'm clean muddled, stonied, and bet;' and so saying he turned to the wall and expired."

WEDDING IN A DEATH CHAMBER.—A correspondent writing from the West Union, on the North Western Virginia Railroad, says that a wedding recently took place in a death chamber, at Spring Hill, near that place. Mr. Barr and Miss Rilpey were married whilst the father of the lady was lying a corpse. It appears that that day had been set for the wedding to take place. Mr. Rilpey was suffering with the consumption, and expired on that morning at 6 o'clock. The groom proposed to put it off a few weeks, but the bride insisted on its taking place immediately. The wedding accordingly took place at 9 o'clock, over the corpse of her father.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—Perhaps the most interesting discussion of the week was an amendment of Mr. Hale's, bringing up the question of Popular Sovereignty. Senators Hunter, Davis, Brown, &c., advocated the duty of Congress to pass laws protecting slavery in the Territories, while Senator Douglas, &c., maintained that Congress could do nothing of the kind. The debate was a very exciting one, but conducted in a courteous and dignified manner. Senator Hale's motion to repeal the restrictive clause of the Kansas Bill was rejected.

A bill to increase the rates of letter postage from three cents to five has also been before the Senate, and it is said will probably pass that body. It also restricts the franking privilege. It is generally supposed that any attempt to increase the postage will be defeated in the House.

On the 25th, a motion to lay the Cuba Bill on the table failed by 18 ayes to 30 nays. Mr. Wilson offered a substitute, totally changing the nature of the bill in favor of international amity, and appropriating $50,000 to enable the President to negotiate treaties with Spain, Brazil, and Spanish American Republics, for the removal of all restrictions on trade.

On the 26th, Mr. Slidell announced that he would make no further attempts to bring up the Cuban Bill, in consequence of the avowed determination of certain members to prevent a vote.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The most important event in the House since our last is the defeat of the Post Office Appropriation Bill—yeas 86, nays 119.

A majority and minority report of the Investigating Committee disclose an objectionable state of affairs in the Navy Yards, and relative to the giving of contracts.

On the 25th, the vote on the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was reconsidered by 104 ayes to 84 nays; after which the House took up the Naval Appropriation Bill. Mr. Sherman offered an amendment, which was adopted, reducing the appropriations largely. An amendment to pay the expenses of Commodore Paulding, arising out of suits for his seizure of Walker, was ruled out of order. When the time arrived to take a vote on the bill, no quorum could be obtained.

The House Committee of Ways and Means (5 to 3,) have resolved to report the Tariff Bills.

DARING FEAT AT NIAGARA—CROSSING ON STILTS ABOVE THE FALLS.—The Chicago Press has an account of a Yankee adventurer, named Andrew Greenleaf, crossing Niagara river between Goat Island and the Falls on stilts, on the 12th inst., for a bet of $1,000, made with a Southerner. Greenleaf (or Morelli as he calls himself, for he passes for an Italian, and is a "showman,") had with him a pair of stilts about twelve feet long, made of wrought iron, flat, sharp-edged and pointed—shaped, in fact, almost precisely like a double-edged dagger. These were firmly lashed to his legs, and he walked towards the terrible river with a confident smile. The morning was clear and cold, but he was attired very lightly, a dress not unlike that usually worn by professional gymnasts. At ten minutes past seven, he stepped into the water, which in another moment was boiling, gurgling, and rushing beneath his feet. The boldest of the lookers-on held his breath in suspense, as the daring man receded from the shore. He alone seemed unmoved, and passed on, slowly and carefully, avoiding the larger rocks, which were made apparent by the eddying current. His steps at first were very short and carefully made but afterwards became bolder and longer. The stilts of course were so placed that the current struck only against their sharp edge, and produced but little effect; but the danger from sunken rocks, and the conviction that a single false step would send him to death, produced a feeling which was horribly painful. Once or twice he seemed to lose his balance, and a sickening shudder ran through each one of the beholders. Recovering himself he still kept on—still receded, until to our straining eyes he could scarcely be distinguished from the foaming waters.

The middle of the river was attained at last, hours seemed to have fled, but it was barely seventeen minutes since he left the shore.

As he approached the deepest and most dangerous part of his route, the suspense became more fearfully intense. No word was spoken, except that one man offered another five dollars for a moment's use of his lorgnette, which offer passed unheeded. Just as Morelli reached the swiftest and deepest portion of the current, he seemed to totter—sink—he threw up his arms! I closed my eyes. Opening them a moment after, I saw that he was still standing. A few moments more, and he had reached the Canadian bank—he was safe, and fell exhausted into the arms of two men who were waiting to receive him.

At this hour (3 P. M.) he was nearly recovered, and though still in bed, receives the congratulations of dozens of visitors, who come pouring in. He left the American shore 950 feet above the fall, and came out about 1,000 feet above the Canadian. The money has already been handed over to him, and all will agree that it was fairly won. His generous opponent is able to afford his loss, and speaks in praise of Morelli more enthusiastically than any.

A BRIDE AND OTHERS FATALLY BURNED.—The Louisville Courier has the following account of a distressing affair, which happened at Lebanon, Kentucky, on the 21st instant:—Miss Susan Shuck, daughter of John Shuck, Esq., was to have been married to Mr. John Thomas at 12 o'clock. But, a few minutes prior to the time the ceremony was to be performed, her dress accidentally caught fire, and the wedding dress, which was of thin material, was instantly in a blaze, and the young lady was fatally burned.

Her sister, Mrs. Burr Harrison, in her efforts to save her, fired her own dress, and was, perhaps, more severely burned. There is but little hope of her recovery, it is feared. Mr. Shuck and other members of the family, who also tried to relieve the young lady from her perilous situation, were burned, but not seriously. The scene was terrifying beyond the expression of language. The bride was badly burned from the waist up, and the hair burned from her head. After her wounds were dressed, and while she lay upon her couch, suffering the intensest agony, the marriage ceremony was performed.

DISADVANTAGE OF HAVING NO LEGS.—The following story, which *The Evening Post* has from a New York friend recently from Paris, is none the worse for being true:

"Lord Cowley, the British Minister in Paris, has occasional annoyances. Lord Miltoun (a gentleman whom nature failed to provide with legs,) wished to be presented at court with his wife and daughter. The morning of the day on which the presentation was to take place, the Emperor sent word to Lord Cowley that he could not receive Lord Miltoun, as he heard he had no legs, and that he must sit while the Emperor stood. Lord Cowley was much vexed, but sent an attache to convey the disagreeable news to Lord Miltoun. Meanwhile, the Duke de Bassano came himself to Lord Cowley to tell him that Lord Miltoun's chair had arrived at the Tuileries; that it must be instantly taken away, and that its legless owner could not be received. This was rather mortifying to the British Minister, but the Emperor was inflexible."

DEGRADED.—Says the Buffalo *Commercial*: "Last Saturday a woman about twenty-five years of age, once beautiful and respected, and the wife of a former merchant on Main street, was sent to the penitentiary as a vagrant. Her career of dissipation has finally dragged her down to the level of the vilest wretches."

LOOK OUT FOR THE BEGGARS.—A number of Italian vagrants are under arrest in Pittsburg, charged with soliciting aid under false pretences. They carry forged papers, setting forth their claims upon the sympathy of the public. The Mayor learned from an intelligent and respectable Italian, that there is a regular system, which has its head quarters in New York, by which this swindling is carried on. There these papers are printed by cart loads. The chiefs have the whole United States districted off, and solicit consignments of Italian beggars, to whom they farm out counties at so much per cent. on the collections made. The moneys collected are deposited to the credit of the depositor, and then sent on to an Italian banker in New York, whose name we do not know. From there it is taken by the beggar, when he gets as much as he wants, to Italy, where he invests it to suit himself. The above and other similar facts having appeared, Mayor Weaver thought it best not to let them off according to their request, so he bundled them all off to jail for ten days each as vagrants.—*Pittsburg Paper.*

We know the above to be literally true. The whole vile confederacy has been ferreted out and exposed time and again, in the New York papers. It is about as rational to give a six pence to any Italian beggar, as it would to any known, abandoned wretch. Yet, until Mayor Henry went to work manfully of late, we were accustomed to see, during the most fashionable promenade hours, these filthy, yellow, lazy creatures, squatted on fine days on steps; rolling up their mock-miserable eyes, and stretching out their unwashed paws to the verdantly charitable, who, after relieving them, walked off, probably with the feeling that they had done their share for the day towards relieving the poor! Again we say, we are glad that the city has been relieved of these wretches, and trust that the relief may be a long continued one.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

RECEPTION OF SMITH O'BRIEN.—The Prince Albert, of the Galway line of steamers, arrived on Friday morning, having on board as passenger Smith O'Brien, the distinguished Irish patriot. The committee of arrangements having in charge his reception, by the Irish societies, met at the Everett House, and at about eleven o'clock chartered the steaming Dr. Kane, and boarded the Prince Albert as she came up the bay. She dropped anchor off Castle Garden, when Mr. O'Brien was appropriately received by the committee on behalf of the Irish societies.

A battery of two guns saluted him as the tug left the steamer, and about one o'clock he was landed at the barge office dock at Whitehall. A crowd of some three hundred enthusiastic Irishmen had gathered at this point, and as Mr. O'Brien landed, greeted him with enthusiastic cheering. Soon after he entered a carriage, and was escorted to the Everett House, followed by Robertson's band and the artillery company, and accompanied by the committee and a large procession of citizens. He appeared in excellent health, and but little the worse for the very tempestuous passage which has just closed. He is about fifty years of age, of medium height, and of a compactly-built person. His face, which indicates great composure and self reliance, wears an intelligent and pleasant smile, and in his manners he is wholly free from affectation or clap-trap. He speaks with some hesitation, but his language is well chosen, and makes a pleasing impression upon the hearer.

MASQUERADERS IN MILWAUKEE.—A great masquerade ball was given in Milwaukee about a week ago. The News of that city, in the course of an article describing it, says: "One gentleman fell in love with his own sister, while another man danced, talked, and promenaded with a gentleman in woman's dress three hours, in the vain hope of finding out who the dear creature was. One young man took his mother to the supper, and great was the surprise of both on learning how matters stood. One of our leading merchants gave his ring to a young lady if she would raise her mask that he might see her features, when it was his own sister, who he supposed was at home with the toothache! Two gentlemen got in a warm dispute as to who a certain lady with a black domino was, and after making a wager of two bottles of champagne, found out the young lady was the younger and mischievous brother of the losing party."

A TELEGRAM from Berlin mentions the death of the well known authoress, Madame Bettina Arnim.

DISREGARD OF LIFE AND LABOR IN ANCIENT EGYPT.—The reckless prodigality with which, in ancient Egypt, the upper classes squandered away the labor and lives of the people is perfectly startling. In this respect, as the monuments yet remaining abundantly prove, they stand alone and without a rival. We may form some idea of the almost incredible waste, when we hear that two thousand men were occupied for three years in carrying a single stone from Elephantine to Sais; that the canal of the Red Sea alone cost the lives of a hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians; and that to build one of the pyramids required the labor of three hundred and sixty thousand men for twenty years.—*Buckle's "History of Civilization in England."*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct. 1856	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	115¢	—
" 6 pr ct coupon '74	102½	103
Penn 6 pr ct, old	99½	—
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	84	—
Phila 6 pr ct	70	71
" 5 " coupon	—	95
Allegheny City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	50	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	92½	—
" 5 " coupon	—	86½
" 5 "	92½	93
Texas 6 pr ct	94½	—
" coupon	90	91
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1868	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cin. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	95
N Y City 1872-5	114	115

BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.	Bid.	Asked.
North America	140	—
Philade phia	117½	119
Far & Mec	59½	60½
Commercial	79½	82½
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	—	28½
Southwark	69	—
N Township	55½	56½
Kensington	56½	—
Girard	12½	12½
Western	—	89
Man & Mech	26½	27
Commerce	45	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	46½	46
Consolidation	26	26½
Commonwealth	22	—
Corn Exchange	—	28
Germantown	56½	58
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	57	—
Exchange "	87	—
Kentucky Ky.	116	—
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	109	110
Farmers "	130	135
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	99
Planters "	100½	—
N O Gas Light	127	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	—
Lehigh Zinc	½	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	½	¾
N American Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	23½	30
Southwark & Frankford R R	57	—
Hestia	—	95

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101½	101¢
2nd " "	92½	93½
" stock	—	—
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1861	—	95
" stock	116½	116½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	82½	83
" mort 6's	44	—
" "	66	73
" stock	24½	24½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	80	80½
" stock	—	45
Phila. Wil & Balt stock	37½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	90	—
Ches Val R R 7	45	—
Tioga R R 7	88	90
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	77	77
2d "	—	52
stock	9	10
Catawissa	6	8½
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	58½
" preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	—
6 pr ct loan	87½	87
Phi Ger & Nor R R stock	54	54½
6 pr ct loan	—	100
Minehill R R	59½	60
Har and Lan R R stock	63½	64½
" bonds '69	94	95
L. Schuylkl R R stock	—	38
Long Island R R stock	13½	13½
" bonds	82½	84
Erie R R stock	12	—
Hudson River R R	34½	—
N Y Centra "	76½	—
Michigan Centra.	47½	48½
Illinois "	80	—
Michigan Southern	19½	—

CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '72	72½	73
" imp. 6 pr ct	76	77
" stock	9½	10
" preferred	18½	19
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	51
" mort 6 pr ct	97½	98
" scrip	23½	23¢
Morris Canal'd	47½	48
" preferred	105	105¢
Ches & Del	40	45
" bonds	77	—
Union "	2	3½
" bonds	25	30
Sus & Tidewater	3	3½
" bonds 1870	33	34

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Breadstuffs market has been quite buoyant this week. For Flour there has been a good demand, both for home consumption, for export, and on speculation, and holders have succeeded in realising an advance of 25c ₱ bbl. The sales comprise 17,000 bbls; superfine at $5,75@6, closing firm at the latter rate; extra at $6,25, and extra family at $6,50@6,75, including 1500 bbls Wm B Thomas's superfine at $6; 1500 bbls extra family and 000 bbls Brandywine on private terms. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been to a fair extent within this range, and fancy lots at $6,75@7,50 ₱ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour is in limited demand, but there is very little coming forward. Sales of 250 bbls at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull and the stock accumulating. Sales of 300 bbls Penna at $3,62½, and 800 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been light, and with a good inquiry for milling, prices have advanced 3@5c ₱ bush. Sales of 12,000 bush at $1,39@1,48 for common and prime red, and $1,47@1,70 for common and choice white. The receipts of Corn have increased, but there has been an active inquiry, and prices have advanced. Sales of 26,000 bush Penna and Southern yellow at 79@80c afloat, and 78@80c in store, including some white at 78c, and damp yellow at 77@76c. Rye is in demand, and there is very little offering.—Sales of 2000 bush at 90c for Penna, and 86@87c for Southern. Oats are in good request, and the receipts are small. Sales of 5000 bush at 52½@53c for Jersey and Delaware. Barley is unchanged. 1000 bush New York brought 90c ₱ bush, and some Penna at 78c. Barley Malt is steady. Sales of 3000 bush chiefly at 95c@$1 ₱ bush.

PROVISIONS—There has been less doing. Sales of 500 barrels Mess Pork at $18,50@18,75, cash and 60 days. We quote Prime at $14@14,25 ₱ bbl. Beef meets a very limited inquiry, and sells as wanted for ship's stores, at $16@16,50 ₱ bbl; 800 tierces sold on private terms. Sales of Beef Hams at $17,50@19,50. Bacon—The receipts and stocks continue extremely light, and with a moderate demand the improvement noted last week has been well maintained. Sales of Hams from 11 to 13 cents for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10½@10¾c, and Shoulders at 8@8¼c ₱ lb, short time. In Green Salted Meats very little has been done, and supplies continue to come forward slowly. Sales of 200 casks of Hams in pickle at 10½c; Sides at 9½@9¾c, and Shoulders at 7½c, cash and sixty days. Lard—The demand has fallen off, but the receipts and stocks are light. Sales of Western barrels and tierces at 12½@13c, and kegs at 13c ₱ lb, cash. Country in mixed packages commands 12@12½c. Butter—Solid packed is in better demand. Sales of 30,000 lbs in kegs, firkins, and tubs at 11½@12c. For Roll there is a steady inquiry at 10@15c for Pennsylvani, and 17@20c for Ohio. Cheese is selling at 11@12c, and Eggs at 16@17c.

COTTON—The market is rather quiet, as the receipts and stocks are liberal, but holders have been quite firm in their demands, owing to the favorable tenor of the accounts from neighboring markets. Sales of 800 bales Uplands at 11c up to 12½c ₱ lb, cash, for low ordinary to middling fair quality, including some New Orleans and Mobile at 11½@11¾c.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have increased, but the demand has been limited. Holders ask $33 ₱ ton. Of Tanner's Bark there is none offering, and no sales have been reported.

COAL has been dull, there being very little demand either for home use or the supply of Eastern markets, and but few cargoes have been disposed of from Richmond. Prices, however, remain without change. In the mining regions active preparations are making for a large business during the ensuing season.

COFFEE—The market is firm, but quiet, owing to the absence of adequate supplies in which to operate. Sales of 600 bags Rio at 11½@11¾c, on time; 100 bags Laguayra at 12½c; some Maracaibo at 11¾c, and 800 bags St. Domingo at 15c ₱ lb.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, ₱ lb, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skins, ₱ lb, 18@25c; Nutria, ₱ lb, 35@50c; Raccoon, ₱ lb, 38@50c.

FEATHERS continue to sell in a small way at 45@46c ₱ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—In Domestic Fruit there is a steady trade doing. Among the sales we notice some Dried Apples at 9½@10c, and unpared Peaches at 9½@13c. Cranberries command $8@13 ₱ bbl. Green Apples are getting scarce.

HEMP is unchanged. No sales have been reported.

HIDES are held firmly, and prices remain as last quoted. Sales of 1800

WOMEN IN WASHINGTON—THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—Society in Washington this winter is very gay, according to the letter writers. Feminine influence is employed in political operations to carry measures and secure votes. Great parties are given by leading members of Congress and other officials, to which timid and obscure members are invited and noticed. One who is opposed to some favorite measure in Congress, but whose vote is wanted for it, is taken in charge by a brilliant and fascinating woman, introduced to her female acquaintances, especially the popular ones, and his position made everyway the most pleasant, easy, and agreeable. His fair entertainer skillfully manages to make him feel that she is not devoted exclusively to him, but that she attends to him sufficiently to render herself agreeable and make him delighted. They have a long conversation, brought about by unavoidable circumstances. Social life, literature, fine arts, and religion, are subjects treated in the conversation, and then, of course, politics introduced. Mr. ——— is delighted with the lady's general accomplishments, powers of conversation, and particularly her political knowledge. Presently she learns his opinion of a certain proposition before Congress; expresses much surprise and regret; assures him, almost with tears in her eyes, of her unbounded faith in the beneficent effects of the passage of the bill, and that, without regard to party ties, she should certainly, if she were a member, display her independence and vote for the measure. Then she launches out into an eloquent disquisition on the folly of parties making party lines so strict that a measure designed for the good of the whole country cannot pass because it happens to come from the wrong side. Member's pride is touched; he wonders he never thought of the ingenious suggestions of the lady before, and when the vote is taken, he either votes as the lady had suggested, or finds a good excuse for being absent. Other ladies try other plans, but they generally exercise an important influence upon politics, whenever they undertake to do so.

It is even said that there are quite a number of fair restients at the capital who make a regular business of political intrigue, and members are frequently induced to vote for a measure to which they were originally opposed, and they never knew the reason of their voting on the "wrong side," never knew what influenced them, so skillfully had they been wrought upon by the persuasive eloquence and ingenious manœuvres of the ladies. It is recorded (in private) of one of the members of the present Congress that he voted three times last session contrary to his convictions, and that he did not discover his mistake till he met the enchantress this winter. She did not appear as sociable as she was last season.—*Ceredo Va. Chronicle.*

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The chances of restoring the line to a healthy condition, as regards the transmission of messages, appear to be very small indeed; in fact, the tests for faults give such results as almost to lead to the belief that continuity has ceased, and the wire is completely parted. The condition of the wire is as bad as it can possibly be. About the middle of last October very powerful batteries were put in circuit at the Newfoundland station in order to force the signal, if possible, past the fault on the English side. This dangerous expedient, however, was attended with very slight success, the only and the last signal which reached the English shore being the words, "Daniell's in circuit."

Almost immediately after this, a large and most important fault was discovered at the Newfoundland end, apparently about four hundred miles from land, and caused beyond all doubt by the use of the powerful batteries we have referred to. The tests to discover the exact distance of this fault from land have given the most uncertain and contradictory results. At one time the injury has appeared within 300 miles, and the tests for several days have given the distance as exactly 371. After that, however, the distance fluctuated between 400 and 900 miles, settling down finally at about 750 from land. This fault is supposed to be even of a more serious nature than that on the English coast. About a month since the words, "Henly" and "You understand it," were received at Newfoundland, and for a time revived the hopes of those in charge of that side of the Atlantic that successful means had been found to restore the cable to working order. Unfortunately, a comparison of dates showed that on the day these words reached Newfoundland, the station at Valentia was locked up and deserted, and the signals, therefore, were merely due to the constant and perplexing vagaries of earth currents.—*London Times.*

A CHURCH FOR THE DEAF AND MUTE IN NEW YORK.—On Sunday afternoon, happening to be in the neighborhood of St. Anne's Church for Deaf Mutes, I had the curiosity to enter and witness the mode of conducting the services. It was certainly interesting. Only thirty or forty persons were present, all mutes excepting the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and myself. The service is that of the Episcopal Church. The clergyman commenced reading the "sentences" thus: "The Lord is in His holy temple," and completed the remaining portion of the verse in the sign language; and in the same manner a few words at the commencement of each chant or prayer were spoken, and the rest translated by signs. The time occupied was not longer than is usually occupied in the ordinary performance of the service. In reading the Psalter, the clergyman read the first verse, while the next was repeated in signs by an intelligent looking gentleman, on one side of the chancel; and so on through the whole. One thing was particularly noticeable—the stillness. You could have heard the dropping of a pin. It was "silence audible." There are in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City, about one hundred and forty mutes connected with the parish, which was founded about six years ago. It is a fine church, and is supported entirely by voluntary offerings. The rector, Mr. Gallaudet, is a very intelligent, estimable gentleman, (his wife is a mute,) and his manner while conducting the service is singularly graceful and impressive.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 183—Adults 84, and children 99.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—20 head I Abrahams, Pa. $9½@10; 13 J Shelby, Chester co, 9@9½; 88 McQuaid, Mooney & Co, Ohio, 9@10; 32 Hutton & Co, Va, 9@10; 22 Scott & Co, Ohio, 8@9; 19 H Hippel, Berks co, 8@9; 8 Baldwin, Chester co, 9@10½; 19 Hackman & Musselman, Lancaster co, 9@10½; 12 Wesley, Dauphin co, 9@10. Sheep—3000 arrived and sold at $4@5 ⅌ head, equal to 9@10c ⅌ lb dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—3 head J Todd, sold by McCall, Chester co, $9½; 42 Saner & McFillen, Lancaster co, 9@10; 27 McFillen & Murphy, Md, 10@10½; 36 Kimble & Kirk, Chester co, 9½@10½; 68 G Adams, by Seldomridge, Ohio, 9@10; 123 S McClung, by Seldomridge, Va, 8½@9½; 4 J McFillen, Chester co, 9½; 32 P Hathaway, Lancaster co, 9@10; 2 Z Williams, Chester co, 10; 24 Scott & Kimble, do, 9½@10½; 4 W Alexander, do, extra, 11@11½; 8 Husband, do, 9½@10; 23 E & L Chandler, do, 9½@10½; 14 J Miller, do, 9½@10½; 16 B Hood, do, 9½@10½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 26.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is firm—sales of 14,000 bbls; Wheat firm; sales of 35,000 bush at 140c for Western red, and 150c for white, and 120c for Milwaukie Club. Corn quiet at 84@85c for yellow. Pork firm. Lard firm. Whiskey firm at 27½c.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—One day during last week, a Mr. Chandler, from the vicinity of Chadda Ford, brought to Wilmington, and sold as old iron, at the foundry of Edward Betts & Co., in Orange street, five six pound cannon balls, which had been ploughed up on that field of blood and carnage where Washington, Pulaski, and other patriots fought for freedom, the Brandywine battle ground. As soon as it was ascertained where Mr. Chandler obtained the balls, they were appropriated as sacred relics by the employees at the foundry.—*Delaware Gazette.*

HUMBOLDT AND HOOFLAND.

Which is the greatest? While the one has explored the almost inaccessible mountain regions of South America, and added largely to our geographical knowledge, the other has given his attention to the mitigation of human suffering, and in his invention of the famous German Bitters, known in this country as "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS," has conferred an invaluable boon upon mankind. Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Nervous Debility are speedily and permanently cured by this remedy. For sale by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

BE WISE TO-DAY!—'Tis madness to neglect a cough, or cold. Consumption may follow, and though Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry cures the latter disease, yet the former disappear at once under its influence.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNELL, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. feb26-4t

WHEN THE THROAT AND LUNGS are overloaded with phlegm or mucous, how can you expect to be free from cough or difficulty of breathing? Therefore, immediately apply to that most potent remedy for all pulmonary diseases, JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, and you will find the most beneficial results from its use.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. feb19-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. SEPTIMUS ROBINSON, to Miss MARGARET STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 7th of Dec. by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. JAMES MCCRACKEN, Jr. to Miss HETTIE HENRY, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., JAMES WILLIAMS, to HANNAH RAMBO, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. LOUIS B. STEIN, to Miss LOUISA LEIMERT, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. J. P. Boulden, Mr. WILLIAM LOHMAN, to Miss JOANNAH MASON, both of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. HENRY W. VANSIKE, of this city, to Miss MARY P. PEVERSON, of Glendale, N. J.

On the 19th of Dec. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. BENJ. J. F. CHALFANT, to Miss ELIZABETH G. BERNHARD, both of this city.

At Baltimore, Md. on the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. McCabe, GEORGE V. BEARD, to Miss MARY MOORE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, the 22d instant, after a brief illness, ARNOLD MYERS, in his 72d year.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. BARBARA FOX, aged 79 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. ANNA B. GRIMSHAW, aged 76 years.

On the 23d ultimo, GEORGE W. BISHOP, aged 57 years.

On the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM MAHER, aged 24 years.

On the 22 ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE CAMPBELL, aged 29 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY SHINNABERRY, aged 48 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MARY L. EDWARDS, aged 80 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY BINNEY, aged 78 years.

On the 18th ultimo, MATTHEW, wife of John Pedrick, Jr.

On the 18th ultimo, HENRIETTA M. wife of Geo. W. Palmer, aged 22 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. MARY KEYSER, aged 61 years.

On the 18th ultimo, JAMES G. SILBERT, aged 23 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Miss MARGARET SUMMERS, aged 58 years.

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OF THE
ASSETS
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Office, N. W. Cor. Walnut and 4th Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1859.

Cash in Tradesmen's Bank, and on hand.	$17,825 15	
Cash in hands of Agents,	2,421 17	
Aggregate amount of Cash Items,	———	$20,266 32
Number of Shares of Stock of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:		
	Par Val.	Market Val
250 Shares Pa. Railroad,	$12,500 00	$10,875 00
150 Shares N. Pa. Railroad,	7,500 00	1,500 00
	———	$12,375 00
Bonds of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:		
	Par Val.	Market Val.
Masonic Loan,	$ 2,350 00	$2,350 00
Missouri State Loan,	23,000 00	19,710 00
Loan of the City of Philada.	8,000 00	8,600 00
	———	$30,060 00
Temporary Loans of the Company secured by collaterals (chiefly bonds,) with a margin exceeding 15 per cent, on amount loaned,		$20,521 66
Amount of Loans on Bonds and Mortgages, being the first lien on improved Real Estate in the City of Philadelphia, worth more than double the amount of said mortgages,		$119,300 00
Assessments on Stock paid, $186,500 00.		
Assessments on Stock not paid,		$13,500 00
Instalments on Stock not called for, and for which the Stockholders are individually liable under the provisions of the charter of the Company,		$300,000 00
Total Assets of the Company, February 1st, 1859,		$516,522 88

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feb26-1m

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Bears to the natural coloring matter of black and brown hair.

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It darkens the gray, red or sandy fibres of the head, the lips, and the chin to an ebony hue. While it lends a healthy lustre to them

IT CONTAINS NO CAUSTIC,
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SOMETHING NEW.—AGENTS WANTED. Business honorable.—Will pay a weekly salary from $18 to $30. Small capital required. No "humbug." For particulars, inclose stamp, or address A. B. MARTYN.
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Wit and Humor.

AN INGENIOUS BUT DISLOYAL CAROLINIAN.

Old Judge Evans, the late Senator from South Carolina, was a very earnest, sincere, and venerable gentleman, who, under an exceedingly gentle, mild, and clerical exterior, concealed some very decided points of character, among which was an intense State pride. To him South Carolina was the beau ideal of everything admirable, great, and good. Even her errors and defects were to him virtues and endowments. And though it was not in the nature of the good old man to hate anybody or anything, he cherished a decided and very South Carolinaish repugnance to the institutions, ideas and customs of New England. For any South Carolinian to possess any of the qualities, the accomplishments, or tastes of the people of that section, was in the view of the old Senator a serious breach of faith and duty to his honored and beloved old Palmetto State.

Now it happened that Judge Evans was applied to by a young South Carolinian, who invented some ingenious mechanical contrivance which he desired to have patented. The young applicant introduced himself as the son of an old friend and fellow-parishioner of the Judge, and begged his favor and aid in obtaining his letters patent.

The venerable Senator, raising his spectacles, and fixing his eyes in wonder and amazement at the ingenious young Carolinian, in his mild but emphatic tone, interrogated him as follows:

"You are the son of Colonel H——, of St. —— Parish, South Carolina, who was born in the said Parish?"

"I am, sir," promptly and proudly responded the young gentleman.

"The grandson of General H——, who served under General Sumter, in the Revolutionary war?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Your mother was the daughter of Mrs. Nancy ——, who set fire to her mansion in the Revolution, to prevent the British occupying it?"

"Yes, sir," enthusiastically exclaimed the representative of one of Carolina's proudest families.

"And you," continued the patriotic old Senator, "have been educated at the academy ——, in ——, and instructed in the principles, duties and knowledge proper to your position, your birth and family?"

"Yes, sir," modestly remarked the now impatient youth.

"Then, sir," exclaimed the Judge in a tone of haughty firmness and indignation, "how dare you to turn your back upon all the traditional principles, and ideas, and customs of your State, upon the sentiments and principles of your family, your ancestors, and your countrymen, and degrade yourself to the level of a common wooden nutmeg Yankee, by inventing a machine?"

The ingenious, but alas! high-born young Carolinian was so affected by the forcible manner in which his Senator presented the enormity of his conduct, that he abandoned his application, and returned to South Carolina with a view of standing for Congress in his district at the next election.—*N. O. Delta.*

One of the Mayors.—The worthy Mayor of a Western city, well known to a host of admiring and warm friends, had "a case" before him in the person of an individual taken up on suspicion of offering a counterfeited note of hand of a well-known firm for sale. He could not prove its genuineness, and was committed to jail until information could be had from the parties. When it came it was entirely satisfactory; the note was good, and the young man's character was put beyond doubt. The Mayor had him brought to his office, and thus addressed him:

"Young man, it is my duty to congratulate you on being so fortunate, for had the note been a counterfeit you certainly would have been sent to the Penitentiary; you may go, and let it be a lesson to you."

The young man demurred to the sentence, it being proved that the note came directly into his hands from the makers of it, and he insisted that he had been badly treated by being put in prison for several days, and his character aspersed.

"Not at all," says our worthy dignitary; "you have had a fair investigation, and it is very fortunate for you that the note proves to be a genuine one; for assuredly you would have been sent to the Penitentiary if it had proved a counterfeit. Now *go, and sin no more!*"

He went—and our aforesaid Mayor cannot be made to see the transaction in any other light than as a fortunate thing for the young man that the note was genuine!

Brains.—An American sloop-of-war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoitre. In the course of his travels, he entered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," says one, "you belong to the United States, I see."

"Right," was the answer.

"Now what would you do to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a bumboat?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out!" returned our lieutenant, with great coolness.

There was silence among her majesty's servants for a moment; but finally, one of them, more muddled than the rest, managed to stammer out:

"W—well, 'Yank,' *I* say it!"

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly:

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have *no brains to blow out!*"

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero invited to join the mess.

CAN'T A MAN THINK WHAT HE PLEASES?

In the spring of 1857, (our authority is explicit,) an exciting municipal election was held in Princeton, Indiana. The all-absorbing compound-question to be answered by the electors, was: "Whiskey?—or no Whiskey?" Owing to the fact that sundry groghops had been mobbed, and their contents destroyed by the fair Amazons of the village, during the preceding fall and winter, a vast quantity of bad blood had been engendered, and the election was bitterly contested. Conspicuous among the champions of "Free Lager," was a Dutchman by the name of Dasche. Dasche, "mit his vrow," had his "local habitation" beyond the corporate limits of the village aforesaid; and, by consequence, had no right to vote in Princeton. But Dasche had not the remotest idea of limiting his exertions to the field of "moral suasion," and he therefore voted a plumper for "Free Whiskey," in all its phases. Dasche was tried for the offence in the Court of Common Pleas of Gibson County, Judge P—— presiding, and found guilty. Dasche was enraged; and gave vent to his feelings in language wherein it was hard to say whether bad English or broken Dutch predominated. The Court ordered him to be silent; the only reply was a volley of fragmentary polyglot anathemas. His Honor again rebuked him, and threatened imprisonment, unless he held his peace. Dasche rose, and asked, meekly:

"Judge, can't a man *dink* vat he blease?"

"Certainly," replied the Court, "you may *think* whatever you like."

"Den," replied Dasche, a smile of triumph flashing across his Teutonic features as he glanced at judge and jury, "*I dinks you ish all a set of infernal scoundrels!*"

"Time," was suddenly "called on him," but his speech was finished.

A Stumper Stumped.—The subjoined anecdote of a candidate for the legislature of a western State is worth telling:

There was a "stump speaking," and Abner had been on the platform enlightening "the unterrified" long and loudly. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "I now come to a slanderous report which has been most dastardly circulated against me, from one end of the county to the other. My enemies, not content with endeavoring to ruin my political prospects, have assassin-like attempted to blast my good name by their insidious reports." Abner then stated what the rumor was, and continued: "I rejoice, my fellow-citizens, to have it in my power instantly to fasten the lie upon this malicious and atrocious slander. I see among you one of the most estimable citizens of this county, whose character for truth and integrity is above question. Squire Schooler, to whom I allude, is acquainted with all the facts, and I call on him here to say whether this rumor is true or false. I pause for a reply." Whereupon Squire Schooler slowly arose, and in his strong, slow and sonorous voice, said, "I rather think you did it, Abner!" "You old scoundrel!" exclaimed Abner, "why do you interrupt me while I'm discussing great constitutional questions, with your low personalities?" And he accompanied this objurgatory exclamation with such a "surge" of gesticulation that he stepped back beyond the platform, fell backward on a big dog, amid the howls of which, and the deafening roars of the "sovereigns," the meeting was effectually broken up.

Only Fit for a Lawyer.—There is a little three year old boy in Norwalk, Connecticut, already set apart for the legal profession, the Gazette says. Being taken in hand with a switch after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, he indignantly exclaimed, "Mamma, I did *not* pick off the pear—you come and see if I did." Sure enough, he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem!

The Professor with Three Wives.—There were two places in the world, said Herman Melville, in a recent lecture, where a man might lie concealed—in London and the South Seas. Various and extraordinary were the waifs and strays of humanity which turned up in traversing those waters. He remembered once, after five months' weary navigation out of sight of land, turning to a secluded island in search of fruit. The pensive natives lay upon the bank, gazing listlessly, hardly turning on their mats at their landing, for they had seen white men before. There, in that remote island, among its sixty or seventy lazy inhabitants, he found an American, not imposing in his breech cloth and the scanty shreds of tappa which hung from his shoulders as signals of distress, which, it appeared to the traveller, the assiduous diligence of three wives—for the ill-clothed gentleman was blessed with that number—might have remedied. On conversation it came to light that this virtuous exile from civilization had been *Professor of Moral Philosophy* in a college in his own land; though, for the credit of the country, he did not mention the name of the institution.

Course of Retirement.—The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned Generals and poets, usually abounds with skillful weavers and ship-carpenters. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as act; to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body. The more these refined arts advance, the more sociable men become; nor is it possible that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be content to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow creatures in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations.—*Hume.*

☞ If we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find an entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud.

Our bachelor friend, J. Jenkins, Esq.,—as he may have been seen many a Sunday afternoon, during this uncommonly wet and (to him) cheerless winter. Fortunately his razors, though handy, are always dull.

THE TWO ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe it,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours. —*Longfellow*

National Impudence.—The national modifications of impudence are remarkable. Often in the Irish it is alleviated by a kind of unconscious wit; Dean Swift used to forgive his impertinent servant because of his facetiousness. Among Italians it is apt to be dramatic; we have seen an angry waiter, when an impatient *habitue* has left a restaurant in a rage at neglect—declaring his intention of never returning—solemnly lift his skull-cap, roll up his eyes, and devoutly thank Heaven. The French, under the guise of etiquette, and with an external politeness aggravating the offence, exhibit the coolest impudence; a vulgar Englishman exceeds all the world in arrogance; and it may be doubted if any but a Yankee could have the effrontery to stop a procession for his convenience. Yet such impudence we have twice beheld. On one occasion the *cortege* was a fire company on the run, who obeyed an authoritative gesture, under the impression that they were to be directed to the scene of conflagration; and, in the other case a religious fraternity. In both cases astonishment checked vengeful indignation, until the perpetrator had escaped. In the latter, the object was to light a cigar at the signal-torch and holy candles!"—*Christian Examiner.*

Illusion.—There is nothing so real in this world as illusion. All other things may desert a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She holds a star a billion miles over a baby's head, and laughs to see him clawing and battling himself as he tries to reach it. She glides before the hoary sinner down the path which leads to the inexorable gate, jingling the keys of heaven at her girdle.—*The Autocrat.*

Agricultural.

FOWL MANURE.

No manure obtained by the farmer is as valuable as the manure from the poultry-house. Of this there is no question, and yet we can hardly answer the question, "In what way is it best to use it?" This manure is made only in small quantities, and it may be that as a general thing much of it is wasted. It may be thrown with other manure, muck and refuse on the compost heap, but our plan is to save it for *special* purposes, and we generally use it in the vegetable garden, where it is not only valuable, but exceedingly convenient. When dry, it may be sown with onion or other seeds in the drills, at planting time, and four or five quarts put into a barrel of rain water makes a most superb liquid manure for any beds of young plants that need stimulating. In this form we use it for our melons and cucumbers, as soon as they appear above ground, to put them out of the way of the "bugs," and on beds of cabbage, cauliflower plants, &c., for the same purpose.—Celery plants after being set out in the trenches may be hurried up amazingly by being watered two or three times a week with this liquid food. If magnificent sweet corn is wanted, half a pint of the dry hen dung, finely scattered in each hill, will give it, and no mistake. If you have been able to grow only hard, hot, wormy radishes, next spring sow the seed in very shallow drills, (not too early) in a warm, sheltered place, then cover the bed with a thin dressing of coal ashes, and water with the liquid hen manure each alternate night, and if the season is as favorable as ordinary, you will have no cause to repent the trial. A little charcoal dust is better than coal ashes.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Hoof Ail.—This disease is caused principally by the cattle eating *ergoted* hay. An inspection of the feed will exhibit the ergoted grains. This hay should be rejected, and a different kind of food given, or many of the cattle will die.—*Ohio Farmer.*

ANTI-BALLING HORSESHOE.

The Maine Farmer contains a description of a horseshoe, designed to prevent the snow from gathering in balls on the feet of the horse, impeding his progress, and endangering the safety of both horse and driver. It was invented by Mr. E. Jones, of Minot, and has been found a sure corrective of this trouble, during wet and muddy travelling in fall and spring. The shoe is constructed on philosophical principles, to prevent the gathering of a mass of damp snow within its sides. A comparison with the common shoe will at once show the difference. The common shoe is made in the form of an oval hoop, or a part of an oval hoop, the widest part being about midway from the heel to the toe. This shape completely hoops in and retains the ball of snow.

The improved shoe has its widest space at the heel, and grows smaller as it approaches the toe, until the opening ends in a point. The mass of snow is not hooped in, as in the other case, but, from its very form, has a tendency to slip out at the heel, and the foot is thus kept free from balling.

The inventor states that it has been his practice for about twenty years to use, *in winter*, shoes that are *triangular on the inside;* and he is never troubled by snow-balls collecting on the horse's feet, even while riding in a freezing mixture of snow and mud. The inner lines of the shoe are straight from heel to toe, forming two sides of an isosceles triangle, and as the shoe is open behind, no balls can possibly collect under any circumstances. The inner edges of the shoe may be thinner than the rim in which the nails are fastened. Any smith can make them well after a little practice.

Scab or Itch in Sheep.—We give what Dr. Dadd says upon the management of this disease in his Cattle Doctor:—

Scab, itch, erysipelas, &c., all come under the head of cutaneous diseases, and require nearly the same general treatment. The following compound may be depended on as a safe and efficient remedy in either of the above diseases:—

Sulphur,	2 ounces.
Powdered sassafras,	1 ounce.

Honey, sufficient to amalgamate the above. Dose, a tablespoonful every morning. To prevent the sheep from rubbing themselves, apply

Pyroligneous acid,	1 gill.
Water,	1 quart.

Mix and wet the part with a sponge.

Whenever the scab makes its appearance, the whole flock should be examined, and every one having the least abrasion or eruption of the skin should be put under medical treatment.

In most cases, itch is the result of infection. A single sheep infected with it is sufficient to infect a whole flock. If a few applications of the pyroligneous wash, aided by the medicine, are not sufficient to remove the malady, then recourse must be had to the following:—

Fir balsam,	half a pint.
Sulphur,	1 ounce.

Mix. Anoint the sores daily.

Starting Cuttings in Moss.—It is a very simple operation, and at the same time one that requires some little skill and care, to strike a cutting. Cuttings of grape vines, currants, and of many shrubs and flowers are usually started in sand, and some thick brick dust, the best material for this purpose. We see in the January number of the Gardener's Monthly Advertiser, a quotation from a German periodical, in regard to the use of swamp moss or *sphagnum*, which it says has been used in Holland instead of earth or sand for the purpose of striking cuttings, and up to this time we have heard of scarcely a single failure, and its success has been most complete. This *sphagnum*, (or swamp moss) should be well dried and reduced to powder, by rubbing it between the hands. Fill the cutting pots or boxes with it, and after watering it well, insert the cuttings. It dries less quickly than earth or sand, and preserves an uniform humidity, and the root fibres are developed more rapidly. It is said that some plants, that in sand require several months to root, only require "three or four weeks in the moss."—*Maine Farmer.*

Renewing Barren Fruit Trees Fertile.—It fell to my lot some ten years ago to take charge of some barren old pear trees, with long spurs full of cankers. Although I took a different course from the one you have lately been advocating to render them fertile, I have the satisfaction of observing that all the old stocks are well filled with bearing wood. The horizontal branches were all cut off and a graft or two put on the stumps or short arms, except in some places where buds were inserted and allowed to replace the branch; those put on in the shape of buds make less wood than the others, but are very productive. The trees first grafted have nearly covered the walls; they bore fruit freely on the second year's growth, and the year after the produce became greater. I allude to this to show that it would have been a mistake where there is a great consumption of winter fruit to have torn up the old trees and planted young ones. In the latter case I should have had to wait long and patiently for the first bud (unless root-pruning had been resorted to,) while now I have plenty of growth and abundance of fruit. I think grafted trees will continue longer in bearing than if buds had been inserted in branches. I may mention another fact not a little interesting. Last spring a Barbaroesa Vine produced bunches somewhat irregularly, leaving a longer space without fruit than I liked to see. I took a shoot from its neighbor, a Hamburgh, with a bunch just coming into flower, inarched it, and put a small bottle of water to the end of it. This was done merely as an experiment, but to my astonishment every flower became a berry. The bunch progressed and was to every one here a curiosity; it colored well and became a compact little bunch in September.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Hungarian Grass.—A correspondent at Lick Creek, Sangamon Co., Ill., writes as follows:—

I have been using the Hungarian Grass this winter, and I think it would be difficult to say too much in its favor; but I feel confident if the farmers of America knew its worth, its seed would sell for the most unparalleled prices, that they might get into the use of it as soon as possible. There is not a doubt but it will prove of more use to us than a gold mine would. Respectfully, in haste,

A. M. B., M. D.

Useful Receipts.

The Washing Fluid Called "Economy of Time."—We have used it for two years in our family, and could not be induced to wash without it under any circumstances, as it saves both time and labor. The fluid is prepared in the following manner: Take one pound salsoda; half a pound unslacked lime; put in one gallon rain water, let it boil twenty minutes, skim off the scum that rises, then set it away to cool and settle. Pour off all that is clear, and bottle. Whenever you wish to wash, gather your clothes the evening before, soak them over night, adding a very little weak lye to the water in which they are soaked. In the morning wring them all out, rub soap on the wristbands and collars of the shirts, and all other articles that require it, sheets and pillow-slips excepted. Put as much water in your boiler as usual, and again add a small quantity of lye, (lye saves soap,) then put one tablespoonful of this fluid into the water, and put in the clothes. Let them boil half an hour, then take out and wash them thoroughly through one suds. If there are more clothes than can be put in one boiler, dip out some of the suds and add cold water enough to make it luke-warm, adding half a spoonful of the fluid. After the clothes are all washed, put them into the boiler with clear water, let them come to a boil, then take out, and they are ready to be wrung and hung up. This suds does not injure calico, as many suppose, more than soft-soap does. New calicoes and flannels should never be washed in anything but clear water and hard soap, and dried where they do not freeze.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Scolloped Oysters.—Take crackers or risaked bread, and pound fine. Butter small tin pans, and put in alternate layers of the crumbs and oysters, having a layer of the crumbs on the top. Season them with salt and pepper and add a little butter, and oyster juice sufficient to moisten the whole. Bake till brown. The shells of large oysters, are excellent used instead of pans. It is said that the shell gives a higher flavor to the oyster.

Corn Bread.—A Kentuckian discourses on this subject as follows:

Corn dodger, corn pone and hoe cakes are different only in the baking. The meal is prepared for each, precisely in the same way. Take as much meal as you want, some salt, and enough pure water to knead the mass. Mix it well, let it stand some fifteen or twenty minutes, not longer, as this will be long enough to saturate perfectly every particle of meal, bake on the griddle for hoe cake, and in the oven or skillet for dodger and pone. The griddle or oven must be made hot enough to bake, but not *to burn*, but with a quick heat. The lid must be heated also before putting it on the skillet or oven, and that heat must be kept up with coals of fire placed on it, as these must be around and under the oven. The griddle must be well supplied with live coals under it.—The hoe cake must be put on thin, not more than or quite as thick as your fore finger; when brown, it must be turned, and both sides baked to a rich brown color. There must be no burning—baking is the idea. Yet baking must be done with a quick lively heat, the quicker the better. Saleratus and soda, *procul o procul!* Let there be nothing but water and salt.—*Journal of Health.*

Green Wood.—Never buy nor use green wood. It contains about one third its whole weight of water, in the form of sap. When burned, a considerable portion of the fibre of the wood is consumed in heating this water, so as to raise it from the common temperature to the point necessary to expel it in the form of steam. All the heat required to evaporate water weighing one-third as much as the weight of the wood, is lost in the escaping steam. Besides the inconvenience of burning green wood, then, there is a positive loss of as much as is required to convert the sap into steam.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 14, 4, 25, 17, 27, 18, is a United States Senator.
My 21, 20, 2, 23, 7, is a county in New York.
My 7, 17, 6, is a county in Iowa.
My 1, 4, 6, 2, is a mineral.
My 23, 17, 15, 2, 18, is a planet.
My 12, 16, 26, 28, is a county in Illinois.
My 24, 4, 11, 15, 23, 22, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 25, 10, 6, 23, 23, is a member of Congress.
My 3, 23, 19, 2, 23, 27, is a metal.
My 25, 5, 14, 17, is a county in California.
My 9, 20, 27, 23, is an animal.
My whole is a celebrated building in the United States. MACKENZIE.

Warren, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY W. LANAHAN M.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 12, 9, 4, is a rule of action.
My 14, 6, 20, 3, 15, is an officer of court.
My 4, 8, 12, 7, 16, are made in contemplation of death.
My 10, 18, 17, 2, 18, 19, 1, are often made in court.
My 11, 13, 5, 7, is sometimes required of criminals.
My 9, 19, 16, 4, 20, 3, is made by the defendant.
My whole was a celebrated English law commentator.

Tiffin, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 5, 8, 10, is a female name.
My 3, 2, 9, is not old.
My 10, 5, 11, 12, is one of the cardinal points.
My 1, 3, 5, 8, is a vegetable.
My 4, 7, 6, is a male nickname.
My whole was a celebrated artist.

Delhi, Ills. PIASA BIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a nickname is found to be,
Delicious to eat is my second;
The weary wayfarer my third loves to see—
A man's name my whole is reckoned.

St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

My first transposed is a pronoun; my second is a pronoun; my third, if rightly transposed, is what gamblers use. YOUNG UN.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At fan or tune.	Cat.
Vainly as Penn.	Can cod rig?
Ten deer.	Office.
Dr. Tissic.	Or ant.
Oh, ram!	Notes.
Earnest.	I a Mag.
Gem corn.	Stew.

GAHMEW.

QUESTION.

A and B kill a deer, whose weight they are desirous of knowing. They have no steelyards with which to weigh. They are in the woods. After deliberating awhile, A says to B, if you can tell me your weight, I can contrive to weigh the deer where we are. B replies, my weight is 192 lbs.; and mine, says A, is 167 lbs. How did they manage to weigh the deer, and what *was* the weight?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does a lady with very wealthy lovers around her, hear more music than anybody else? Ans.—Because she hears several millionaires at once.

☞ Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on, like most railroad stock? Ans.—Because it is below par.

☞ Why is the letter G like matrimony? Ans.—Because it is the end of courting.

☞ Why would a man in the ship-insurance business make a bad author. Ans.—Because, being an underwriter, he could not, of course, write anything over well.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CONGRESSIONAL ENIGMA—The California Overland Mail. CHARADE—Dog wood. CHARADE—Elizabeth. RIDDLE—Zodiac—Cadiz.

Little Great People.—*Multum in parvo*—much in little—is a good old adage, whose truth has been signally illustrated by many dwarfish heroes: such as those famous ancients, Agesilaus, wisest of the Spartan kings, Licinius Calvus, the Roman orator, and Lucius, the Roman actor. Among the moderns, our praises are due—either on account of valor, genius, or virtue—to the great men, Attila, the Scourge of God—Pepin the Little—Philip Augustus, an able king and a brave soldier, whose love for the fair Melanie is one of the romantic passages of history—Albert the Great, whom, it is said, the Pope on one occasion, several times requested to rise, in the belief he was still kneeling—the Portuguese navigator, Vasco di Gama, who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope—Erasmus—Guiton, the Protestant, who so stoutly defended Rochelle against Cardinal Richelieu—Gibson the painter, whose wife, too, was a dwarf, three feet high, but the mother of nine children—Prince Eugene, the worthy comrade of our great Marlborough—Maria Theresa, the "noster rex" of loyal Hungarian nobles—the Spanish admiral, Gravina—that wild and mysterious fabulist, the German Hoffmann—and, above all, perhaps, for genius at least, Napoleon Bonaparte.

☞ At almost every step in life we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. The effervescence of youth and passion, and the fresh gloss of the intellect and imagination endow them with a false brilliancy, which makes fools of themselves and other people. Like certain chintzes, calicoes and ginghams, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and the rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*